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THE QUEEN OF THE BALLET TO-NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

The scene is a palace of coral and pearl
Where spice islands dimple the face of the sea,
And grace and rare beauty adorn the fair girl
Who wields the bright sceptre of Terpsichore.
The genii in waiting have burnished their stars,
The mermaids and nymphs fairly sparkle with light,
While the fairies their power and splendor reveal
To honor the queen of the ballet to-night.

The stage is resplendent with magical power,
Enchantment is the hand of the artist hath wrought,
Like the fair morning-dreams that our childhood did dower
Ere a rose bloomed with thorns in the garden of thought,
When the lamp of Aladdin gave treasure untold,
And the jewels of fancy shone real and bright,
While the princess whose crown was her tresses of gold
Reigned supreme as the queen of the ballet to-night.

Every face beams with welcome, response of the heart,
And Thespis' gay temple resounds with applause,
While warm hands bestow on Terpsichore's art
A triumph all worthy true Genius' cause.
Few think of the trials and long weary years
Ere the laurels of fame crowned the public's delight;
But, guarded by virtue, no furrow for tears
Clouds the face of the queen of the ballet to-night.

Loving kindness frowns not on the beautiful Muse
Whose feet discourse music like language of flowers,
And the gods on Olympus their nectar might choose
From the hand of a mortal with Hebe's rare powers;
While bigotry frowns on the joys of life's Spring,
And dark superstition spreads sorrow and blight,
They would banish the Muse who taught Israel's king
The charm of the queen of the ballet to-night.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER XVII.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for.—SHAKESPEARE.

We have said that Charles Ruhl sent his card up to the gentleman who represented himself to be Mr. John Hopetown. The card was one of the firm of Messrs. Kitefly & Skyler, having the name of the clerk Alfred Pennibble and friend penciled on the bottom.

This had been done by Ruhl's request, who explained that it would be unwise to give the person a clue.

"It would be easy enough for him to come forward," he said, "and pretend to recognize me, if he knew I was going to appear before him."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Pennibble, with a very shrewd look and laugh. "But I don't think we are likely to satisfy him with facts or become the means of coaching him, he! he! he!"

"I hope not," said Ruhl gravely; it irritated his German solidity to hear anyone giggle, even if the giggle was a misfortune rather than a fault.

So Mr. Pennibble preceded Ruhl up the hotel stairs, where they were shown to the room occupied by John Beaufort, Esquire. While the clerk entered into conversation with him, Ruhl was to make observations and scrutinize the assumed lost heir.

They found a handsome, well-dressed man awaiting them, whose skin was sun-tanned and whose height was six feet or something over. He had a handsome brown beard, well-trimmed, but showing silver signs where trouble and travel beneath the tropical sun had commenced to run up a seam of premature wear and tear. He looked aged before his time, too, for care and a hard life had left their mark in worn, deep lines on the cheeks, and wrinkles on the broad, weather-beaten forehead.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Pennibble," he said, coming forward with a graceful, swinging step. His actions and accent were those of a thoroughly well-bred man. He held the card of Messrs. Kitefly & Skyler in his left hand. "Anyone from the firm who has served my late father for so many years is welcome with me."

Then he cast an inquiring glance at Ruhl and then at the clerk, as if expecting some introduction.

"Have you seen any of your old friends yet, sir?" asked the clerk, not heeding the look.

"None as yet. I wonder whether I shall be able to recognize any of them. I have been dead to the world so long that I rather imagine I am forgotten by this time."

"Absent friends are not always so easily forgotten, especially when there is a large fortune awaiting them," put in Ruhl, with his old radiant smile.

"What do you say?"

Mr. Pennibble, watching the stranger closely as Ruhl spoke, saw that he gave a slight start, and then he glanced most intently at the speaker, a light of recognition flashed from his eyes, and he stepped forward with a low, glad cry.

"Ruhl, Charles Ruhl!" he said. "Surely I am not mistaken! Good Heavens! how I changed so much that you do not know me?"

"I wanted to see if you knew me," smiled Ruhl, cordially wringing the outstretched hand. "Heaven be thanked, Hopetown, for this. I never thought we should meet again. It seemed to me that all the friends of my young days—those bright days when I had friends indeed—were wiped out. One came back to me—poor Congreve—but only from the bottom of the river Serpentine."

"Poor Brinsley!" said John Hopetown sadly, "poor old friend! I read of his sad fate in the papers."

Looking at John Hopetown now, whom did he most resemble—Brinsley Congreve, starved and haggard by the banks of that little river in the park, or John Hartpool, well-dressed and careless? A little like both. Now were the gay smile and lofty air of Hartpool apparent. A moment before the recognition had flitted across that autumnal face the weary, furtive glance of the hamuld cougher.

Mr. Pennibble took a seat, and a notebook from his pocket. He was elated. He had not the slightest doubt but that this gentleman was the real heir.

"Can you remember where we last met?" asked Ruhl.

"Aye, and parted," answered Hopetown quickly. "You, I, and poor, dear old Brinsley, that day at Alford, the last time we went out driving tandem, our last mad freak, that endangered the life of an old woman and left us there amidst the splinters of the dogcart. Don't I remember, and wasn't there the deuce to pay, too? I thought one of us would have to rusticate; so did you, I remember."

"Yes," said Ruhl, "you are right. Apart from this test, your voice and features are the same now, in spite of the great change in you, and you have changed."

"Aye," he said, somewhat sadly. "Have I not gone through enough to have changed me from myself to a hopeless madman? No matter, it is over, and I will begin life anew."

"One of your old changeable moods," smiled Ruhl. "How the Hopetown of the past grows upon me as you continue to talk. Had I watched you at a table amidst a hundred others I should have picked you out as John Hopetown in less than half an hour."

"I am glad of that. Sit down, my dear old friend. I will ring for refreshment."

During the time that the waiter was coming in answer to the bell, and after, when he had retired to fetch the wine, John Hopetown slowly and thoughtfully paced the room. For a man who had returned to inherit a splendid fortune, which he had once thought lost to him forever, he was strangely gloomy.

Then what might not have been his thoughts? What was fortune to him who had willingly, gladly sacrificed it for the woman he had loved, the woman who was to more?

The little gold band that had circled her finger when he uttered those solemn words "With this ring I thee wed," now lay deep in the flesh of his sunburnt little finger.

Perhaps both Ruhl and the attorney's clerk deemed these to be his reflections, for neither broke in upon his mournful reverie even when the wine was on the table.

The waiter's vain asking of Ruhl whether he would lunch with his friend or not aroused Hopetown, and he answered somewhat sharply:

"No, we will all lunch here, and I shall not be at liberty should any of the gentlemen inquire for me to-day, my good Antonio."

"Eh, bien, m'sieur," answered the French waiter, skipping out of the room and closing the door softly behind him.

"What will you take, Ruhl?"

"May I drink?"

"Certainly."

"Let's have the old drink, then, shall we?" Hopetown looked up.

"Some champagne? Very well. Have you a good cigar?"

"Plenty," answered Ruhl.

"Blessed if I've seen anything more than a smell of 'em," thought Pennibble, "and the smell of 'em made me feel that I'd work with the utmost alacrity for half a dozen."

"The old brand?"

"Try," said Charles, offering Hopetown his cigarcase.

"Light up," said John Hopetown, "I'll officiate here," and he began to draw a champagne cork, which, by the way, only required to be looked after that it didn't come out too soon. "Ah, that smells good," said John Hopetown, sniffing at the fragrant cigar. "They are the first I have smelt like that since we used to have them sent down to us from Walgus."

"They are from the same house, the same brand," Ruhl laughed. "Thanks"—taking a glass of wine from his friend's hand—"here's to your new life, and may it be a brilliant one; and here's to your friends who greet you."

John Hopetown handed a glass of wine to Mr. Pennibble, and took one himself.

"Help yourself, gentlemen," he said, having returned the toast, and, lighting a cigar, he pushed Ruhl's case over to the clerk.

A few moments' unbroken stillness, and then he asked, a little sadly:

"Did you see anything of my father after I left England?"

"No," answered Ruhl.

"When did his sentiments change towards me?"

"When he was ill. I only knew of it after his death. He had heard, like most of us, that you went down with many others at sea, but seemed to have some vague hope that you were saved. He left his fortune to Francis only on condition that you never turned up; if you did, it was to go to you, less, of course, what your cousin had legally used, but any he had mortgaged or overdrawn beyond the yearly income should be refunded."

"Then it was about the time that poor Alice died that he forgave me. It is not so long ago. Poor old fellow! I am sorry now; it seems that I was punished for giving him the heartache."

"Had he not made yours ache sufficiently?"

John Hopetown shook his head.

"I was wrong," he said. "The marriage was untimely. There was nothing to excuse it but my love for her," and he sighed heavily. "We were happy enough for the first few years. I bought a farm in the far West. But it was a hard life for her; then she pined, poor child, because I had her shut out from my father's home, and her health gave way, so I sold off the farm and traveled. The very means I took to restore her health seemed to undermine it. I never cared for my lost fortune so little as then. She was my sole thought, the only object on earth. I only cared to live for her and our two children. The boy was stricken down with the cholera and taken from us in three days. Alice never survived the shock. She dragged on a feeble existence, perceptibly fading away, and then we lost the other child, and that snapped the vital chord, and I was left alone."

Another pause followed this, and then John Hopetown made an effort to throw aside his gloomy thoughts.

"Have you seen my cousin Francis?" he asked.

"Not yet. He is traveling about on the Continent."

"I wonder if he will take my return kindly."

"Why not? He has plenty of his own. Craythorpe has come to him."

"Aha, so soon! But I suppose he is soon coming of age, is he not?"

"Yes; I believe so."

"I expect he was too young to remember much of me, shouldn't you? It was a pity his brother Edgar died. Let me see, his brother Edgar would be thirty-one. He was my senior by two years. Poor fellow, he went suddenly too, all through that fall when the Craythorpe hounds met."

Mr. Pennibble, sipping his champagne, and puffing vigorously at that fragrant cigar, was taking short-hand notes of all that was said.

"Your memory is good," said Ruhl.

"When a man is wandering about, like the Wandering Jew, his thoughts ever revert to the past. His friends are never so much with him as then. Their actions and words are recalled, and little incidents that would be forgotten when in their society crop up and become indelibly impressed on our memory."

"So I have found," said Ruhl. "You will be surprised to hear that I have not only come as a friend, but as the representative of a firm with which your father has long been connected."

"Indeed! What is that?"

"Saxon, Coburg & Co."

"The deuce! So old Coburg still lives!"

"I saw him the morning I left London. I had a chat with him, and he told me that he left the matter entirely in my hands. If I were satisfied as to your identity I could lend you a letter of credit. Draw on the firm for what you please, if you are short, and I thought it possible that you might be."

"Thanks, old friend, though I did not expect any opposition to my share of the property. No one surely expects that an impostor could dare attempt to personate me."

"Such things have been done, Hopetown."

"Then a man's friends must be idiots. No two men are so much alike but that you can always detect a something which betrays the counterfeit."

Ruhl only laughed, but made no answer. When he spoke again it was to Pennibble.

"If you would like to see anything of this place," he said, "we can spare you. I shall stay with Mr. Hopetown and accompany him to England. You have nothing more to do with him, I think."

"Nothing, sir, but present Messrs. Kitefly & Skyler's compliments, and beg to state that Mr. Hopetown will be at liberty to make use of his money the moment he arrives and has signed an affidavit, the other parties concerned being present."

"Very well. Do not leave Ems without seeing us again."

Before Mr. Pennibble withdrew, however, Hopetown found occasion to speak of his watch.

"Through all my travels and dangers I have safely preserved one relic of the past," he said, "one I dare say you could recognize."

"What is it?"

"My chronometer watch, made in 1860."

"Nonsense," said Ruhl.

Hopetown smiled and drew from his pocket a gold watch and handed it to Charles to examine, which he did very closely, and then handed it over to the lawyer's clerk.

The watch was one of a celebrated maker's best, bearing the date of manufacture, John Hopetown's initials and crest, and its own number.

"That alone would be pretty conclusive proof of your identity if anyone wished to doubt it," laughed Ruhl.

And Pennibble laughed too, and then withdrew.

When the door was closed and the two newly united friends were alone, they turned as by mutual consent, faced each other with a long, steady gaze, and, in expressive silence, grasped each other's hands.

It was more the action of settling a silent compact than an expression of sympathy.

"Ruhl, I think a great deal of you."

"For you, yes. The first day of your life. Let us drink to it—to your future."

The German stolidity was broken through. With a flush on each cheek and a glitter in his eyes, Ruhl held aloof a bumper of wine and took it down the next moment at a draught.

"In memory of the past," said the other, following suit. "And to the future, Ruhl."

After drinking, and having taken another cigar, he added:

"I never expected to come in for this fortune. It is a large one, I know, and you, the first friend to greet me, the first whose testimony for or against would throw me into litigation at perhaps a fearful cost, shall share that fortune in due proportion."

"Wait, wait," murmured Ruhl, as if he feared to anticipate anything so glorious.

"Ruhl, have you seen my uncle's widow?"

"Yes, twice I have been with her."

"Well?"

"She seems inclined to hail your return with gladness."

"Hem! There will be no opposition, then?"

"That, I fear, depends."

"Depends on what? It cannot affect them."

"My dear fellow, you do not know all. I say it depends, and so it does. If you go hand-in-hand with Francis Hopetown they will be your enemies."

"They?"

"They. Mrs. Hopetown and her devoted son Marcus Stebberton."

"Ah, I had forgotten him. But why are they against poor Frank?"

"Because that brilliant, ambitious, and beautiful woman Mrs. Hopetown is disappointed. All her hopes were crushed and her plans frustrated. She played a distasteful part to the man she never loved, for her son's sake, whom she dotes upon. But the late shrewd and selfish old man saw through her or thought of her as merely a necessary companion to his declining years, and considered her well paid with a decent legacy and her son a present. She was not even allowed the control of Frank's fortune during his minority. You understand the position?"

"Clearly. But she is a woman of property."

"Yes; some people would be content here, but she is not. That woman's ambition is to be the mother of a millionaire, and she would spend half that sum to be the reigning queen of fashion for one year."

"What an ambition!" said Hopetown, with a laugh of contempt.

"Still, there it is, and disappointed ambition is the same, whatever grade of merit or demerit that ambition may have. Francis slights her, and openly shows his dislike of Marcus. He is wild, eccentric, and extravagant. His sanity is doubted, and his actions watched. His enemies say he is a vagabond, and will go the sure pace to ruin, and Mrs. Hopetown is determined that he shall not fritter away the fortune before he is quite beyond being left at large."

"It appears to me that Master Francis Hopetown is in very great danger of something worse than poverty."

"Yes; she is rather pleased to think that you will be the cause of his losing nearly half his immense wealth. Be advised—do not alight the widow."

"I shall not."

"Nor her son."

"He shall be my fast friend," said John Hopetown, restlessly walking the room. "Had I not better write to her?"

"I think so. I should come forward boldly. Do not let them think that you entertain a doubt as to your reception. Claim your own boldly, and as if expecting any obstacle was foreign to your thoughts."

"I will write to-night, and in a day or two we will start for England."

"Not too hastily. Let the report of your going be made public."

"How can I do it?"

"Leave that to me, and before you reach London, that great city shall ring with the wonderful and romantic story of John Beaufort Hopetown's banishment, supposed death and return. You do not mind my interference?"

"Ruhl, I feel restless—[illegible]ided. I will place myself in your hands. W[illegible] to be will be."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Your fate is but the common fate of all.—LONGFELLOW.

Unmingled joys here no man befall.—SOUTHWELL.

The story of John Hopetown's strange life, and the tidings of his return to claim his fortune and resume his place in society, were flashed forth from thousands of miles of wire, giving the news to the peoples of every great city in Europe. The papers teemed with the romantic event.

It was the current topic everywhere, and before it was three days old it was being discussed under the very nose of Francis Hopetown in the hotel at Rome.

"John Hopetown coming to claim his property!" said Frank inwardly. "Waiter, bring me an English newspaper."

The English newspaper could not be found, but a *Galignani's Messeng-r* had arrived. It contained a full account of the "Romance in High Life," cut out of a London daily paper.

"Nell, my darling," Frank said, going to his room with the paper in hand, and speaking tenderly to Ellen, who, magnificently dressed, and with a brown tint on her cheeks, looked more lovely than ever, "I'm afraid we must go to England."

"So soon, Frank? What is the matter?"

He read the "Romance in High Life" aloud.

Ellen listened unaffected.

"Well, my dear Frank, you have not touched his fortune. It will not affect you."

"Not in the least, my pet; only poor John cannot have his money unless I am there. Besides, what would be thought if I were absent when he arrived?"

"My dear Frank, you have a duty to perform. Do not let anything hinder you."

"Not even you, Princess?" hinted Frank, embracing Ellen with his old ardor.

"I hope not," answered Ellen, returning his caress with sweet interest.

"Perhaps it is all the better. I shall come of age soon, and then, thank Heaven, I shall be in fear of no one. I shall, I think, cry out, like Mazeppa, Free! free!"

Ellen smiled.

"I'm sorry for your sake, my pet, but needs must when ——"

He left the sentence unfinished, out of respect to Ellen, for whom he had the same amount of delicacy as the old days when their dangerous courtship possessed a charm which most things possess more forbidden. The love dream had not been broken by association since they left England. If Francis Craythorpe Hopetown was romantic, he was also sincere; his love was idolatry, and Ellen's love was more than love; her simple faith in the man for whom she had sacrificed every home-tie was almost sacred, and at no dinner-table sat as far apart from him as he could. Frank was equally distant. He did not like this man coming into his family quite so familiarly, knowing, as he did, with whom Ellen had left home. Frank sat near his cousin during dinner, but he had very little opportunity of saying much to him until they retired to the room which had been set apart for John.

They began to talk lightly of the past. Frank was too young when John left England to remember much of the daily existence of John. Most of the incidents he mentioned now were incidents he had heard of, and would have been better known to Brinsley Congreve.

"I wish poor old Congreve were here now," said Frank. "I did not know so much of him as you did, and I remember him as a big, kindly, liberal fellow, but I liked him. His end was a sad one."

"Very," said John Hopetown solemnly.

"Had he have come to me, barefoot and in any state of misery, I would have helped him, not as some people would—not a trifling act of charity, and then leave him to the world. I should have given him a position as the means of getting on. A few thousand pounds would have given him a start and left me perhaps with one true friend in the world."

"Would you? Would you have done that?" said John, starting up and pacing the room.

Voice and manner were very strange. Why should this mere promise that never could be fulfilled affect him?

"Frank, that would have been very noble of you, very;" and then, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him, "What would you have done for me, had I returned a beggar and unforgiven?"

"If there were no power to prevent me, I should have given you your father's fortune; failing that, I should have shared with you my own."

"You are a generous fellow, Frank. There are plenty in this world who would have received me as an impostor, and sworn away my identity."

"Not much doubt about that," laughed Frank. "The only annoyance is the possible delays, the natural and inevitable belongings of the law. However, with the executors' consent, I will lend you twenty thousand pounds until you get your own. That is only five thousand more than I should have advanced to Brinsley Congreve," Frank said, with a smile.

"But supposing he had failed."

"It would have been my speculation, not his."

"Are you as wayward as ever?"

"Was I wayward?"

John Hopetown laughed.

"Perhaps," he said, "you would like to use a stronger term for your willful waywardness of spirit, or love of disobedience."

"I suppose I didn't quite see the advantage of doing everything other people wanted me to."

"I suppose you will not go abroad again yet?"

"No; my chambers are close to yours."

"Then I hope we shall see a good deal of each other."

"I hope so, too."

The entrance of Frank's stepbrother, Marcus, put an end to the conversation for a few moments. He smilingly asked if they were both satisfied. Frank answered that he should be the first to vote a speedy settlement of John's claim.

"That's right, Frank. By the way, I'm come on rather a delicate mission. I am very, very sorry, old fellow, that you have not given up your old reckless, and, might I say, heartless ways of life. In this instance you have blighted the life of a good man, one whom I should be glad to make a friend of—one who was poor Brinsley's and John's mutual friend, Charles Ruhl."

"Ah, I had forgotten. He had spoken to me on the matter," said John quietly, "but altogether it is a delicate subject."

"That your friend's face is dimly familiar to me, I admit," answered Frank, "but I never heard his name until to-night, that I remember."

This was not strictly the truth, but, for the moment, Frank was at a loss. It was not his intention to admit his present association with Ellen, yet how was he to get out out of it?

"Come, old fellow, said Marcus. "Ruhl has begged me to ask John if he will permit him to see you in this room, and if you will see him here. I should. There is plenty of time to undo some of the mischief. The mother is willing to shed a tear and forgive, and all that."

"Now, you know how anything like dictation is distasteful to me. I am my own master, and I will do as I please. The only other answer I give is, I am willing to see Mr. Ruhl, but add that I fear any number of interviews will leave him as far off the discovery he wishes to make as if he never had one at all." Let him judge of that," answered Marcus, as he retired.

John remained till Ruhl came in, and then he too left the room, and when the door closed there was that dreadful stillness which ever preludes an encounter or a storm.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A YOKOHAMA correspondent saw European ladies, elegantly dressed in full evening costume, on their way to some dinner party in a baby-cart drawn by stout coolies, whose only clothing was the tattooing upon their backs, and breech-cloths four inches wide. One doesn't mind it after a while, but at first it seems very odd. So it did to see a naked coolie operating a sewing-machine.

"THE TRUE AND THE FALSE."

Ellen, magnificently dressed, looked more lovely than ever. "Nell, my darling," said Frank, reading the paper, "I am afraid we must go to England."

LONG AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

When the daylight is declining,
And the deep'ning shadows, turning
Through my lattice come and go,
List I to the vesper pealing,
And my heart deep draughts is stealing
From the swelling founts of feeling
In the realms of Long Ago.

When the twilight earth has darkened,
Oftimes have I sadly hearkened
To the recessional's soft flow
Of the restless, tireless ocean,
In its never-ceasing motion,
With its angry, wild commotion,
Whispering me of Long Ago.

When night's mantle earth is covering,
Noiseless forms are round me hovering
Of departed friend and foe;
Oft I rouse me from my sleeping,
Watch those forms around me creeping,
All my 'wildered fancy steeping
In the thoughts of Long Ago.

Friends on whom my hopes were centred,
Friends who long ago have entered
Brighter realms than ours below,
'Midst your sweet melodious numbers,
Thralled by music's sweetest measure,
Do ye miss no loved lost treasure
In the realms of Long Ago?

And when Luna's gentle light is
Shed in halls where ne'er night is,
Angels flitting to and fro,
Miss ye not, 'midst heavenly flowers,
One with whom in vanished hours
Ye have roamed through earthly bowers
In the realms of Long Ago?

Hope ye not to be united
Where the evening star is lighted,
Never parting more to know,
With the loved and the true-hearted?
Have no tears of sorrow startled
As ye thought of those who parted
From your side in Long Ago?

Still those forms my questioning heed not;
Angel visitants, they need not
Commune hold with us below:
Still, the fond, those forms around me flitting,
In the halls of fancy sitting,
Deem the only answer fitting—
Long ago, long, long ago!

ST. GILES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CAPT. BARCLEY.

"Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"A face at the window."

"No."

"Look quick!"

Harden turned his face, but the object had disappeared.

"Are you mad, or dreaming?" he asked.

"Perhaps I was mistaken," I replied, wishing to change the subject, for I was confident I had not been mistaken, however. The face was too marked for that.

Harden soon departed, and I was left in my office alone. The recollection of the man's face appearing through the window-pane I could not erase from my mind. I was nervous, and took up a book from the table and commenced to read. I almost involuntarily turned my eye from the book and glanced to the window. There was the same face again—the same bloodshot eyes watching me. I jumped from the chair and swung the bolt in the door. I looked again at the window, but my seat—the face was gone.

What can this mean? I silently asked. Can it be that some villain is lurking near to murder me? God knows, his face looked desperate enough for any crime. All was still without, except when the silence was broken by a murmur of the night-wind, or the noise of the rain. I listened—a sound of foot-steps fell upon my ear—they were near the door. I heard a rap. I jumped from my seat, and stole to the door.

"Who is there?" I asked.

"A friend—let me in."

I turned the key, and pulled the bolt. The door opened, and before me was the same face I had seen twice at the window.

"Alone, Doctor?" he asked, looking cautiously about the room.

"Yes," I answered.

He entered, and, closing the door, turned the key and swung the bolt.

"Do you wish to see me professionally?" I asked, handing him a chair.

"Well, yes, privately and professionally," he replied, throwing his wet coat over the back of the chair and taking a seat. He gazed at me for some moments as if studying my character and temperament; and then, pulling a pistol from his belt, laid it upon the table and said:

"Doctor, pills in that chap—pills for squealers."

I comprehended the villain's meaning at once, but made no reply.

"Doctor," he continued, "I have a job for you—perhaps something in the surgical line—bring your instruments with you; be quick. No time to be lost."

"How far from here?" I asked.

"Never mind the distance. I will guide you," he replied.

"I cannot go—get some other surgeon," I said.

"You shall go," he answered, grasping his pistol from the table, while the fire shot from his eyes. "We must be off within five minutes. No time for equivocation, Doctor, if you do not wish to take one of these 'ere pills," pointing his pistol in close proximity to one of my ears.

I felt the full force of the villain's suggestion, and, seizing my hat and case of instruments, passed with him to the street. The night was dark, a chill wind was blowing from the northwest, and the rain and sleet lay mingled upon the pavement. Not a word was uttered between us. We had walked a long distance—fully a mile, when my companion said:

"This way, Doctor," turning a corner leading to St. Giles.

A cold chill passed through my frame.

"Great God!" I mentally exclaimed, "the man is leading me through the worst street in all London."

I hesitated, and came to a halt. Almost by intuition the fellow seemed to fathom my thoughts, for he said:

"Doctor, have no fear. You are safe with me."

At the same time he took hold of my collar, and almost jerked me from my feet. I followed him with a quickened pace, and soon we had entered St. Giles. A hand was laid upon my shoulder.

"Halt!" he said.

I stopped.

"Doctor, suffer me to place this bandage over your eyes. He quickly slipped a bandage over my head, and, taking me by the arm, he said: "I will guide you. Have no fear."

I made no resistance, for I saw the fellow was a desperate character, and I was at his mercy.

"Now, upstairs, Doctor," he said after we had walked some distance farther on.

I heard a rap—a bolt was drawn from the door—and we entered. The bandage was withdrawn from my eyes, and I looked around.

Upon a bed in one corner of the room lay a young man apparently not more than twenty-five years of age. His face was deathly pale—his eyes sunken, and bloodshot.

"Come, Doctor; now to business," said my companion. "No time to waste."

I stepped to the bedside and turned down the sheet. It was well saturated with blood from the wounded man's arm. A pistol shot had shattered the bone, and amputation was necessary. I quickly selected my instruments, and was about to proceed to my task.

"A bowl, Annie, to catch the blood," said my companion, speaking to a young woman in the room with traces of beauty still lingering upon her face. "Be quick, and no more crying," he said with an oath.

The woman hastily procured the required article. I performed the operation skillfully, as I thought. The man never flinched.

"A good friend gone," he quietly remarked, as I laid the dismembered limb upon the table.

"How much is your bill?" asked the man who had employed me in this mysterious business.

I named my fee.

"There is double the amount, Doctor," he said, placing the gold in my hand. "We are no beggars."

I turned to leave. The man followed. "Pardon me, Doctor, but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded once more. I made no resistance, and the bandage was once again placed over my eyes. Silently we walked for quite a distance. Once more I was halted. The bandage was withdrawn, and the man, without uttering a word, walked quickly away.

It was after midnight when I reached my office. The strange occurrences of the night and the mystery connected therewith made me nervous and restless. My fee had been ample, and as poverty had long been mine, I looked with gratification at the gold so mysteriously earned. I cast myself upon my bed, and in sleep forgot how it came into my possession.

I met but a slight breakfast next morning, as the occurrence of the past night had left its impression on both body and mind. I glanced over the morning paper—my eye was arrested. "Bold burglary. The residence of Sir Charles D——, on Belgravia square, robbed. Booty secured, fully one thousand pounds. The thieves surprised and fired at, a bloody trail, and one thought to be severely wounded," etc.

I laid the paper upon the table—a train of thought followed.

"Can it be that I was called upon to amputate the arm of one of the wounded thieves?" I asked.

Yes; it was plain to my mind now. I read on:

"A reward of one hundred pounds offered for the recovery of a small gold locket containing the portrait of a child. Apply to the residence of Sir Charles D——, Belgravia square."

I laid the paper upon the table, and determined to blot from my memory, as far as possible, the strange occurrence of the past night.

Months passed away, and yet the face I had seen at the window and my strange night's adventure were not obliterated from my mind.

* * * * * * *

On the roof I saw them. Two men—one armless, the other I failed to recognize. A cordon of police had surrounded the building; the thieves were foiled; escape was impossible.

"Stand!" said the officers who had followed them to the roof. "Move another inch and you are dead men!"

The armless man heeded them not, for he made a leap and lay groaning upon the earth. The other burglar bade defiance to the officers, and jumped from the wall to the adjoining roof and rolled to the pavement below. He uttered a groan. I rushed to his side and looked in his face. A clear, full moon shone in the sky, revealing his features.

"Great God!" I mentally exclaimed, "it is the same face I saw at the window."

The officers came and the man was borne away.

I learned afterwards that both men recovered from their injuries. Both were tried and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude on the colony. One was known as one-armed Ned Turner, the other as Bill Henderson. Both were St. Giles burglars and thieves.

* * * * * * *

A year later, and I was called to attend a sick woman at No. —, St. Giles. When I entered the room I recognized it at a glance. I had visited that same room once before. Upon a bed lay a woman, still young, but pale and emaciated. Death was soon to claim her for his victim, I saw at a glance.

"Doctor," she said, "come near the bed. My voice is weak, and I am soon to die. You were here once before, nearly two years ago. I remember your face well. You took off poor Ned's arm that night. I never will see him again."

"Your name is Annie?" I asked.

"Yes," she faintly replied. "That's the name they called me after I fell, but my mother called me by another name," and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Doctor," she continued, "I feel that I must soon die. I grow weaker daily. I had a mother once who taught me to pray; but I erred and fell. I will be better off when I am dead, for my life has been nothing but sorrow and bitterness. A secret has long laid upon my heart—I cannot die until it is removed. I had no friend left on earth to commune with, but some good angel guided my thoughts to you. Will you listen?"

"Yes," I replied.

"In under bureau-drawer lies a small gold locket, containing the miniature of a child. Bill and Ned stole it two years ago from a house in Belgravia square. Ned had his arm shattered in making his escape. One hundred pounds is offered for it. Take it to the father. It is the picture, no doubt, of a loved child. Tell him that a dying woman sent it, but refuses all reward. My wants are few; I cannot further stain my soul with the reward of a crime. I feel the chill of death upon me, and repentance is my duty now."

I saw the fever leaving the poor girl's cheeks—a deadly pallor overspread her face, and she seemed to gasp for breath. I administered a palliative, and promised to call again. I secured the locket, as requested, and, as I passed from the abode of suffering, thought:

"Indeed, truth is stranger than fiction."

* * * * * * *

A servant announced me to Sir Charles D——. I was invited into the parlor, and soon stood in his presence. I handed him my card, and in a brief manner as possible stated the nature of my business. I passed him the locket—he opened and kissed it. A tear gathered in his eye, but he brushed it quickly away.

"A reward of one hundred pounds has been offered by me for the return of this locket," he said, "and never withdrawn. I am prepared to pay it."

"I found it in an abode of misery and death, and yet was instructed by a dying young woman to accept no reward from you, sir," I replied. "Permit me to remark that I see a striking resemblance between the features of the child in the locket and the dying girl who wished me to return it to you," I continued.

The man's cheeks grew colorless, his lips quivered, and he invited me to a seat. He grasped me by the hand and said:

"Doctor, listen. Years ago I loved a poor but beautiful girl. She was the idol of my heart then, and loved me with all a woman's trust and devotion. She was poor, and I wealthy. No marriage ever took place between us. A child was born—its portrait is in that locket. When I married I cruelly deserted that child's mother—poor Mary! Years have flown since I saw mother or child. I have long thought them both dead. Two years ago thieves broke into my house and robbed it of gold and silver to the amount of one thousand pounds. A locket of my child was stolen with the rest. It was the only keepsake I had of it in the world. Poor Mary sent it to me by mail with a note when she bade me farewell forever. One of the robbers who broke into my dwelling was wounded by one of my servants while making his escape, for a trail of blood followed his footsteps. All the rest up to this time has remained a dark mystery. Lead me to the dying girl."

"It is in St. Giles," I said.

The man shuddered.

"Well, Heaven is just, and retribution is sure," he mournfully replied. "Poor Mary died somewhere, God knows where. Guide me, Doctor," he continued; and we passed from brick and marble to the abode of wretchedness and crime.

"Annie," I said, as we stood at the girl's bedside.

She looked at me with a vacant stare. Her eyes were glassy, and the film of death was gathering.

"You are weaker to-day," I said, feeling her pulse.

"Yes, Doctor," she replied in a whisper. "Death is very near."

"Here is the gentleman to whom I returned the locket, Annie," I said.

She glanced in his face, but made no reply. She extended her small, thin hand, and in a faint whisper said:

"He is very kind to come to see me."

"Is your mother living, Annie?" he asked.

"No; she is dead—dead for ten years," she answered, gasping for breath.

"Her name?"

"Mary ——"

"Have you her picture?"

She could make no reply, but pointed to the bureau. I found it, and handed it to the man.

"Yes, yes" he said. "Your mother; and you are —my child!"

He wept bitterly, and kissed her lips; but she returned not the kiss. I looked into her face—it was as white as marble. She had ceased to breathe. I took her arm—it was pulseless, for the poor girl was dead.

* * * * * * *

When the night-wind moans a sad requiem over the dead in Kensall-green graveyard, near London, it now passes over the graves of poor Mary and her child. A marble slab with the simple inscription of their names marks the spot where they lie buried. None but wild flowers bloom upon the mounds, where the grasses are so green, and no eye comes to weep near the stone that tells of the resting-place of the outcasts, who now slumber in their dreamless sleep. And yet if human contrition finds favor in the sight of Heaven, there was one on earth who never forgot to lisp their names to Him on high, who said "Let them that are guiltless cast the first stone."

A RECOLLECTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. J. GRANT.

What loving lads and lasses have we played
Upon the stage, fair Imogene and I;
How real seem'd each caress; each speech we made
In life-like meaning to our souls would lie.
And thinking each one would ne'er disturb our dreams,
Our mimic courtships took the breath of life,
And many, many were the future gleams
Of bliss reflected in our daily strife.
Vacation followed, and the days flew by
On lovers' wings. Another season came,
Possessed of that grand charm that brings a sigh,
For which no pen hath e'er devised a name.
O happy scenes, farewell! they could not last;
Our thoughts took different channels in the van
Of proud Ambition, for I found her cast
As "leading lady," I as "first old man."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE INVESTIGATING CLUB.

OFFICIALLY REPORTED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

On New-Year's Eve The Investigating Club, for the suppression of cheek and gall, made their annual presentation in the dressing-room of the Theatre Comique, in the presence of a large number of its members, etc. The prize for the occasion was an elegant and elaborate leather medal, with a blue ribbon attached, both inclosed in a splendid case. The medal is the workmanship of Mr. Boyd, saddle and harness maker of South Fifth avenue, this city, and is very valuable (to its owner). At half-past nine o'clock on said evening a fitting moment came when the chairman of the committee announced to the members that the presentation would take place. Mr. Wm. Gaylord's name was announced as the lucky recipient of the golden egg. Mr. G., being notified, and requested to accept of a handsome New Year's present, folded his arms with a happy smile, and listened attentively to the oratorical remarks of Charley White, whom the committee had deputized to make the presentation. Mr. White mounted a chair and spoke as follows:

MR. WILLIAM GAYLORD.—MY DEAR SIR: During your past numerous engagements in this establishment you have won the good will and respect of all the artists employed therein. Your amusing anecdotes and marvelous stories have greatly added to the social enjoyment of all, and made for us a perpetual feast of merriment. We learn with regret your contemplated departure after the present week, and in consideration of that event have prepared for you a slight token of our friendship and regard, which I trust you will accept as a proof of our sincere appreciation of both your literary and professional ability. Mr. Gaylord, in behalf of the gentlemen present, allow me to present you with this beautiful and appropriate emblem, and may you never disgrace the endorsement thereon.

At the conclusion of these remarks the box, with its contents, was handed to Mr. Gaylord, who cheerfully accepted the supposed valuable gift. At the same moment a simultaneous shout arose: "Speech, speech!" Gaylord replied:

"Well, hold on a minute, till I see it." He opened the box, picked up the ribbon, which was attached to the ring of a novel leather medal, four and a quarter inches in diameter, nicely bound and stitched on the edge, bearing the following inscription on one side:

THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY, N. Y.,

MR. WILLIAM GAYLORD,
JANUARY 1, 1875.

On the other side was an elegant inscription in gold letters:

TO MR. WILLIAM GAYLORD,
THE MODERN LIAR AND MAN OF GALL.

Mr. Gaylord, after reading both sides of his beautiful present, responded as follows:

GENTLEMEN.—You are right. I have long waited for someone to appreciate my merit in this quarter, and would rather have this medal than a gold watch. I can only say that I kindly thank you for this valuable remembrance,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

A. J. B. Jr., Baltimore.—1. A, B, C and D are playing partner game, seven-up. A is dealing, and turns up hearts for trumps. B begs. A runs them, and hearts turn up again, and again, and again. Now, the contested point is this: B claims, as all the cards are run out without a change of trump, that he has the right to make it any suit except hearts. No agreement beforehand. Was B right? 2. The same partners: one of them makes his jack and calls game, having but one point to go. The other side calls a misdeal, one of them showing one too many cards. Now, I contend that they ought to have called a misdeal before the jack was made, especially as there were some three or four leads before the jack trick. Was I right? 3. Can you give me the recipe for making a good adhesive paste, that will not discolor newspaper or leather? ..... 1. B is wrong. The cards are to be bunched, and B deals again. Your statement is that a heart was turned up four times. If the game was being played properly, it could be turned up but thrice with a pack of fifty-two cards. 2. You are right. As soon as a card was played, the misdeal was condoned. 3. Gum tragacanth and water will answer.

ALEXIS, Phila.—1. A being dealer, and C his partner, the former cannot go alone after C has said "I assist, and B goes alone. The other side can object to a lone hand even by C, and hold him down to a mere assistance, which was his first declaration. He should have said simply "I go alone," or else "Turn it down. I'm alone"—not "I assist, and go alone," for then the "lone" part looks like an afterthought. 2. The rule is that only the player whose declaration or act makes the trump can go alone. Four sets of making or taking the trump in a partner game, viz., ordering up an antagonist, assisting a partner, making the trump from anyone of the three suits not turned, or as dealer taking up the suit already made, combine, to make it "eights."

G. AND A.—This is a peculiar case, in which both sides can claim a good point, and we have no hesitation in regarding the party throwing as a man of honor, who left himself bound by the declaration, heard by several persons standing by. "This is no throw. The throw of five does not count; that of two does.

G. W. R., Washington.—1. Although you have failed in your first venture, try elsewhere. Some managers prefer to deal only with performers of established reputation. Go to Baltimore, and see W. E. Sinn of the Front-street Theatre. 2. Salary ranges from $20 to $100 per week according to reputation and ability.

"MANGELEY."—A correspondent desires to know whether the poem entitled "In Prison, Dedicated to L. D., Awotto," and published in THE CLIPPER of January 2, is original with you, and whether it ever appeared in print. If so, when? You will please to enlighten us for the benefit of our correspondent.

S. D. W.—Be more explicit. State the age of the foreigner when he arrived here, how long it was after his arrival that he "declared his intentions," in what manner he "declared his intentions," and also if he did not anything, while subsequently residing abroad "five or six years," to annul that declaration.

HARRY Morrison.—1. The American Skating Congress organized Feb. 9, 1871, in this city. The rules they adopted being the latest promulgated, we believe. We cannot tell you where you could obtain a copy—perhaps by writing to Peck & Snyder, 122 Nassau street, this city. 2. We do not require a correspondent there.

C. V. W., Jersey City.—It is played with two billiard balls and a five-cent piece, on a billiard table. The player is required to take two cushions with his own ball before hitting the object-ball. If he fails to knock on five-cent piece off the latter, he gets a mark, and five marks make him loser.

J. H. A., New Haven.—The Elm City nine is a team yet to be selected. The Mutual nine will include Hicks, Mallinson, Start, Nelson, Geer, Gerhard, Hatfield, McGee and Gedney. The champion college nine of 1874 were the Yale team.

C. F., Phila.—1. A. T. Stewart was born near Belfast, Ireland. 2. Marshal McMahon was a peer of France, we presume that, like the Marshal, he was born in that country, although both are descendants of an Irish family.

GEORGE ELLIOTT.—Joseph H. Sadler, the present champion of England, defeated Harry Kelley in a scullers' race from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng., for £500 a side, July 13, 1870. William Sadler, Joe's younger brother, never rowed a match against Kelley.

MOSE, Carrollton.—1. Charlotte Cushman has never been married; but her sister Susan, who formerly acted with her, was; and this, probably, gave rise to the erroneous impression. 2. See "Zillox." 3. They have retired from the stage, and both are married.

G. AND M.—A flush of each will win the money. It is the show of cards, and not the calling of them, that governs in poker. Had A called three kings, instead of "two pair," it is pretty certain that B would have thought three queens would not have taken A's word for the kings.

PROSPECT-HILL BILLIARD CLUB.—B loses the snatch, on a strict construction of the rules. Our mere recommendation is that both A and B agree to replace the balls in the best of their recollection, and that then B be allowed to play.

CONSTANT READER, Streator.—1. Joe Goss beat Jack Rooke, £50, 6 rounds, 1h. 40min., Sussex, Eng., Sept. 20, 1859. 2. We are not aware that Hurst ever made pretensions to superior excellence in wrestling. 3. Cannot say, as we never heard of it.

SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—It would be difficult to decide at what place and when the greatest musical entertainment in the world was given. What do you know if you mean greatest in point of art, the number of musicians, or number of spectators attracted.

X. Y. Z.—Thanks for copies of old bills, which will be used from time to time. Those previously sent we already had in duplicate. Others will be gratefully received, and used as rapidly as may be consistently with our desire to give as much variety of matter as possible.

ALONE, Cincinnati.—D could not play it alone, after a card had been led. Aside from this, there is no game of card euchre in which a player who takes up the trump can also lead. Properly, it was A's lead, he being the eldest hand.

L. D.—1. The presiding officer who appoints a committee appoints also its chairman. 2. Courtesy exacts that when a committee is elected by ballot the member having the most votes shall be honored with the post of chairman, in the absence of any rule to the contrary.

SIXTY-SIX, Hudson City.—Ace, deuce, three, four and blank, when all are doubles, count seventy points as soon, after being called, as the holder takes in a trick; and these seventy points on the hand are worth three on the score, if the antagonist has not yet taken in a trick.

OLCOTT, Springfield.—1. The number varies. 2. There is no fixed price, it being a matter of private bargain between teacher and pupil. 3. The average salary for well-known performers is $50 per week. 4. Learn both.

ST. CLAIR, Brooklyn.—1. We cannot say, as there are so many persons of that name in the profession. 2. You cannot obtain them, as they are not intended for public distribution.

R. W., Buffalo.—1. The Michigan was sent over Niagara Falls on Saturday, Sept. 8, 1827. 2. The ace-blank being turned up for trump, the ace-four is jack at domino all-fours.

A CLIPPERITE, Lynn.—McLaughlin has worsted the party referred to several times; but as it is doubtful whether money was at stake on any occasion, we advise that the bet be drawn.

R. A. S., Philadelphia.—1. She is a sister of the person named. 2. As an actress at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city, this season. She first appeared as a dancer in Europe.

HOTEL CLERKS, Burlington.—The seating capacity of the theatres given in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC is correct, having been personally counted and measured by our representatives, except in such cases as are otherwise specified.

J. G. G., Clinton.—1. You might possibly do so. 2. The advertisement of five lines would cost $6 ea. each insertion. 3. There is no recognized amateur champion of pigeon shooting.

L. G. L., Chicago.—1. Playing the cards 5, 7, 6 and 5 entitles both players to a sequence of three. 2. B cannot add the seven on the table and thus build A's combination of three to ten.

J. P. McC., Prescott.—1. You have already got as good a one as can be procured. There is no better, though a better is to be desired. 2. There cannot be two lone hands at once in euchre.

CURIOUS, Mott Haven.—The game of "croak" is played with a pack of seventy-eight cards, some of which are specially designed for it. The bulk of them are the ordinary ones.

HUB, Covington.—We cannot say what the publishers of the Chicago Directory claim the population of that city to be. The only reliable figures we have are those of the census, which gives the population as 298,977.

R. A. L., Cincinnati.—1. The steamboat Mary Powell is being altered with an eye to increased speed, her 62in. cylinder giving way to a 72in. 2. It is now about three seasons since steel boilers were put into her.

LOTTA, Philadelphia.—1. She was born in 1850. 2. There is no one engaged exclusively for that position. 3. About $150 and $75 per week respectively. 4. She is about 25 years of age.

A CONSTANT READER.—Hicks and Gedney will play with the Mutuals; Sweasy, Ryan, Dean, Wadsworth and Gould probably with the New Haven nine; Mack with the Philadelphias. Martin will not play.

B. W. St. Louis.—1. Yes, he managed the theatre now known as the Olympic in your city. 2. We have no biography of the person named. 3. Welch and Rice, now with Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, Philadelphia.

TOOTHPICK, Indianapolis.—The original play in the French language was written by Octave Feuillet; but, not having a copy at hand, we cannot tell whether he is the author of the dramatic version or not.

PHILADELPHIA.—Edwards' height is 5ft. 4½in., and his fighting weight 125lb. John H. Clark is a little heavier and a trifle taller, but we cannot give his precise height or weight.

J. R., Mahanoy City.—The shooter had no right to touch the bird except with his hand. The reference is always the best judge of such matters, and the main question to be determined is whether or not the bird shows shot-marks.

F. B. S., Norwich.—If the gentleman was married on Jan. 1, 1839, his wedded life has covered a period of thirty-six years, and there have been thirty-six anniversaries of his wedding-day.

MCC., Rahway City.—B wins the pot. His opponent's verbal consent to his acceptance of the faced card was a waiver of the rule that such a card must be put at the bottom of the pack.

C. E. J., Utica.—Up to the close of last season the Scotia was a paddle-wheel steamer. She never runs in Winter-time, and we have no knowledge that she is being altered into a propeller.

J. ASS, Hamilton.—1. Mr. Raymond was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and not in Saratoga. 2. The father of Lester Wallack died in this city Dec. 25, 1864, and the latter assumed management immediately after. 3. Cousins.

R. N. O.—Nothing official has yet been received in regard to the matter. The proposed match is between George Brown and Joseph Sadler, instead of Robert Bagwall, as you say.

FRENCH HARIST, Indianapolis.—The best "average" in a public match game of billiards is 1,000, made at the four-ball game.

H. B., St. Louis.—1. He acted with her at the Grand Opera-house in this city. 2. Not married. 3. George Boniface and the lady named.

M. M., Boston.—We believe he was born in Ireland. About 50 years of age. He was married to the lady professionally known as Miss Kitty Brooke.

B. S., Dunnville.—"Wilkinson's Modern Athletics," which we presume you obtain from Jas. Watson, P. O. Box 678, New York, for 80 cents, will suit you.

EDO.—1. George Seddons and Arthur Chambers were the principals. 2. Exercise should not be taken immediately before retiring.

E. F. K.—Yes; in the second meeting twelve rounds were fought, a number of blows being exchanged in every round save the last.

A. B. M., Phila.—If the articles were to be given to the highest and the next highest throws, then the two 42's win them.

TROY PICKED NINE.—The clubs have not yet completed their averages. When they do so, we will give the best averages of the season.

HARRY.—We have never heard of an outfielder putting out eleven players in his position by catches. It would be difficult off the pitching of the day.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your poem is not appropriate, although we have not found guilty of the crimes charged.

PROF. Y., Sullivan.—1. From $25 to $350 per week, according to merit and reputation. 2. To any of the dramatic agencies advertising in THE CLIPPER.

58, Detroit.—Opera-house—p. and c., 743; d. c., 508; g., 515; p. b., 24. Theatre Comique—p., 377; d. c., 290; g., 247. Adelphia—p., 1,200; d. c., 840; g., 612.

DECLINED—"Rapid Transit," "Ten Days in the Navy-yard," "Two Irish Policemen," The Hod-carriers," "Too Many Pats" and "Somewhere in Texas."

F. McMANN, who can be addressed care of C. Bradd, 101 Walker street, New York, has for sale a file of THE CLIPPER for the past three years.

OBSERVER, Washington, D. C.—E. P. Christy, George Christy, L. Durand and T. Vaughn composed the company known as the Original Christy Minstrels.

C. F. S., Boston.—A having combined to a four, and there being a six spot on the table, B could not sweep the board with a ten-spot.

A. S. M., Cincinnati.—We have no correspondent there at the present time, the authority last delegated to a person to act for us having been withdrawn.

J. P., Forestville.—1. A. T. Stewart was born near Belfast, Ireland. 2. Robert Bonner was born in Ireland in 1824.

C. T., Alleghy.—Scotland Maid is by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and has a record of 2:28¾.

C. W., Brooklyn.—A little out of our line. Shall we figure it to you?

J. J. H., Baltimore.—It has closed for the season. Address the manager, Brooklyn.—It is not married. 2. About 20 years of age. 3. John C. Heenan weighed 195 pounds, but a typographical error made it read 695.

F. S., Allegheny.—Yes; we have seen them of C. H. Hankins, who advertises in this issue that he will supply gymnastic apparatus.

F. K., Jersey City.—A having combined to a four, and there being a six spot on the table, B could not sweep the board with a ten-spot.

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A. S. M., Cincinnati

BASEBALL.

A GAME ON THE ICE.

The large lake at Prospect Park was on Saturday, Jan. 9, the scene of a short and lively game of baseball played by amateurs of the Brooklyn clubs, assisted by Barnie, the new catcher of the Westerns of Keokuk. The wind blew too high and the temperature became too low for sport of this kind before the game ended, and it was therefore shortened by limiting the innings to two outs on each side instead of three. The contest proved to be one-sided, Barnie's ten winning by a score of 20 to 7. The return match will be played on Saturday, Jan. 16, at the same place, when Barnie will choose one side and Bunce of the Nassaus the other. The score of this, the first game of the season of 1875 is as follows:

Brooklyn.	R.	In.	Po.	A.
Denham, r.f.	3	1	0	0
Ruddy, 3d b.	2	1	0	0
Barnie, c.	2	2	5	0
Crosby, 1st b.	1	0	1	0
Dally, c.f.	2	1	0	0
Gillon, 2d b.	2	2	1	0
Quie, s.s.	2	2	0	0
Patterson, 3d b.	3	3	2	0
Dunn, p.	1	0	1	1
Van Tassell, r.f.	2	1	0	0
Totals.	20	12	10	1

Prospect Park.	R.	In.	Po.	A.
Crawford, 1st b.	3	3	2	0
Hamilton, p.	1	1	0	1
Haley, c.	0	0	3	0
Maher, r.f.	0	0	0	0
West, c.f.	0	1	3	1
G. Dunn 3d b.	1	1	1	0
Sturgis, 2d b.	2	2	0	0
Crook, s.s.	0	0	0	0
Clough, l.f.	0	2	1	0
Pelletreau, r.s.	0	0	0	0
Totals.	7	10	10	0

Brooklyn				13	5	1	1	0	—20
Prospect Park				2	2	0	3	0	—7

Umpire, Mr. Bunce, Nassau Baseball Club. Time of game, 1h.

NOTES.—Barlow has signed a legal contract with the Atlantics, and will play with them. Kessler is in daily practice, catching from Roseman's pitching, the latter being very similar to Bond in his delivery, and very swift and accurate. Crane, Patterson, and Nichols will play the bases, and Barlow be short stop and change catcher, with Pabor—captain—Clack and Boyd in the field, and Cassidy of the Nassaus as first substitute and change pitcher.....The death of Pike's father will not prevent him playing in St. Louis this season, as the family go to Boston to their eldest son's residence.....It is said by *The Philadelphia Sunday Mercury* that "heavy wagers have been laid that the St. Louis nine will beat both the Chicago and Hartford Club nines the first games they play together." Ferguson does not see it in that light, and neither does Jimmy Wood. Some players entertain the opinion that Hartford stock will rule the market as regards won games next season up to July; that is, if they "play for the side."..... The latest make-up of the Philadelphia nine is as follows: Snyder, Fisher, Murnan, Addy, Fulmer, McGeary, McMullin, Meyerle and Schaffer, a strong team in playing strength.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB.—On Jan. 7 this club held its annual meeting and elected the following officers for 1875: W. Stafford, president; Wm. A. Powers, vice-president; Benj. Van Delft, corresponding secretary; Samuel Davenport, recording secretary; Wm. Glennon, treasurer. Directors, J. C. Cornish, Jos. Hamilton, James Campbell. Auditing Committee, Hugh F. Campbell, Rich. Goodwin Jr., James H. Preston. The players engaged for the Atlantic team of 1875 include Barlow, Rosman, Crane, Patterson, Nichols, Kessler, Booth, Pabor, Clack, Boyd, and two other good players. Charley Pabor will captain the nine.

AT A MEETING of the directors of the St. Louis Baseball Association, held December 30, 1874, it was unanimously *"Resolved*, That the thanks of the Association be and are hereby tendered Mr. Alfred H. Wright, for the valuable services he rendered the Association in organizing its nine. *Resolved*, That we also assure Mr. Wright of our appreciation of the kindly interest he has manifested in behalf since severing his connection with us.'—Charles A. Fowle, Secretary."

DEATH OF AN OLD BALLPLAYER.—The sudden death of Mr. Frank Bliss, brother of Mr. Arch Bliss of Brooklyn, deprives the amateur fraternity of one of the most gentlemanly players of their class. Frank was formerly the first-baseplayer of the old Resolute Club of Brooklyn, and he used to play the position very prettily. He was highly esteemed by the club and the fraternity generally.

AN EXHIBITION GAME of handball, in which Phil. Casey of Brooklyn, L. I., was opposed to McGranigan and Fleming, was begun at 913 Carpenter street, Philadelphia, Jan. 6. Each side won three games, which was all that were played, darkness preventing the continuance of the contest.

WE HAVE A LETTER addressed to the secretary of the National Association of Baseball Players.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

Mr. John Hunter of this city has purchased from Mr. A. Welch of Chestnut-hill Stud, Philadelphia, a bay yearling colt, by imported Leamington, dam by imported Lexington.....Lyttleton has retired from the turf, and has gone to the stud at Chesnut Hill, keeping company with his sire, Leamington .....Mr. S. R. Keene of California has purchased the half interest of Messrs. McCord & Malone in the famous trotting stallion Sam Purdy for $25,000, thus making the entire estimated value of the horse $50,000.....Mr. Frank P. Kinkead, the well-known owner of the trotting stallion St. Lawrence, and breeder of the famous trotter Mambrino Gift, died at his farm in Woodford County, Ky., on the 30th ult.....Mr. Welch of Chestnut-hill Stud has purchased of Mr. John Hunter two imported fillies—Lady Lumley by Ratapian, dam Schottische by Pandango, and Bladgowrie by Breadalbane dam Klarnet by De Clare, and will breed them both to Lyttleton this season. The cross ought to prove a valuable one.....The trotting gelding Electricity, owned by Dr. Hyndman of St. Paul, Minn., died last week of acute inflamation of the bowels and bladder. He was 9 years old, and had a record of 2:39.....Mr. Thomas P. Wallace, the extensive brewer of this city, has purchased the trotting horse Reserve, by Excelsior, dam by Bacchus, for $8,000, from Mr. C. H. Andrews of Youngstown, who gave $1,000 for him three years ago; he has a record of 2:41¾, and is seven years old.....Mr. John E. Earley of Idaho last week purchased of Messrs. Grinstead & Thomas of Lexington, Ky., the thoroughbred stall on Longstep, by Colossus, dam Roschback by Wagner, and will put him to the stud.....Mr. H. R. Rockwell of Glen's Falls, has sold his half interest in the trotting horse Joe Brown to Mr. A. W. Morgan Jr., for $2,500. Six years ago Mr. Rockwell purchased this horse for $1,050.....Mr. Alden Goldsmith, the extensive Orange-county breeder, sustained a serious loss recently in the sudden death of a valuable young horse by Volunteer, which dropped dead while being exercised on the road.....Mr. Jarvis of Appleby, Canada, has purchased a thoroughbred horse King Tom, by Lexington, dam by Tokay by Yorkshire, for $1,200, and intends putting him to the stud.....The time-honored Fairfield raceourse, near Richmond, Va., after lying idle for fourteen years, is going to be revived again, under the management of Mr. D. Ward, its new lessee. He has fenced in the course, and, as soon as spring opens, will put up the inside railing and erect suitable buildings, so as to be able to hold a meeting there next Fall.....During the season of 1874 there were 4 races of four-mile heats, 4 of two-mile heats, 5 of three-mile heats, and 311 of mile heats, run in this country, while there were 118 dashes of one mile, 45 of two miles, 7 of three miles, and 7 of four miles run, besides 302 dashes at various other distances.....Dr. Weldon won three races with Mildew at the recent Wilmington, N. C., meeting, and ran second with the same horse in another, to Bingaman, reported to be doing well, and standing his preparation for the Savannah Cup in capital style.

TROTTING AT THE PITTSBURG PROMENADE.—A trotting race took place on Thursday, Jan. 7, at Barnum's Hippodrome, in this city, which, from its novelty, attracted an assembly of some 8,000 people. The race was mile heats, best two in three, under saddle, and there were six entries, viz., Dan Mace's b. g. Longfellow, John Murphy's b. g. Sherman, W. Bishop's ch. g. Bayside, James Campbell's b. g. John H. (owned by Governor Tilden), Thos. Trimble's b. m. Lady Trimble, and Ben Wilson's b. g. Humpty Dumpty. In order to give confidence to the spectators in the bona-fide character of the race, Mr. Barnum appointed as judge the well-known horseman James D. McMann, Whitson Oakley and Dunn Walton. Promptly at nine o'clock P. M. the bell rang, and the horses came up for the word, which, after several false starts, was at last given. Bayside took the lead and retained it through the first heat by a length and a half from Longfellow in 3:01. In the second heat, Dan Mace mounted his own horse, Longfellow, and a most exciting contest ensued, Bayside trotting head-and-head with him every yard of the course, which required seven laps of the ring to complete the mile. The gallant gelding Dan Mace managed to win the heat by a neck; time, 3min. In the third heat, Sherman led from start to finish, and won by three lengths in 2:56. By the rules, only Longfellow, Bayside, and Sherman started in the fourth and deciding heat, which Bayside won easily by several lengths in 2:49¾, both the other horses breaking badly. The interest manifested by the spectators was very great.

CHARLESTON, S. C., RACE MEETING.—The racing season of 1875 will open with the Spring Meeting of the revived South Carolina Jockey Club at Charleston, on Wednesday, Jan. 20. The meeting continues four days, and the programme comprises eleven races at all distances. On the opening day there is a mile dash, and a two-mile dash for the Club Purse of $450, and the Carolina Stakes, one mile, for three-year-olds. On the second day there is the Hutchinson Stakes, mile heats, for three-year-olds, and a hurdle race. On the third day there is a three-mile-heat race, a two-mile dash, and the Hampton Stakes for four-year-olds, two-mile heats. On the last day, there is a two-mile dash, handicap, three-mile heats, and mile heats. The stables already on the course are those of Dr. Weldon, A. M. Burton, W. H. Gordon, and L. A. Hitchcock. The Doctor has got Bingaman, Mildew, Warfare, Gaberlunzie, Little Flirt and Nellie. Mr. Burton has Jack Frost, Survivor, Captain Jack, Red Jackson and a colt by Hiawatha. Mr. Gordon has Jack of Trumps, Goth and Valentine. Mr. Hitchcock has Limestone, Imo, Mollie Darling, Quits, and three three-year-olds. George Rice's stable will arrive as soon as the Augusta races are over.

KATIE PEASE AGAIN A WINNER.—The celebrated mare Katie Pease, the winner of the great four-mile-heat purse of $25,000 in California, free for all, last Fall, has again been gazetted a winner. On Christmas-day, a purse of $1,000 was given for a running race, mile heats, best three in five, over the Bay District Course, for which Katie Pease, Henry, Nell Flaherty and Blanche Hall were entered. The track was heavy from late rains, and several seconds slow in consequence. The weights carried were 100lb each, and the betting $100 to $30 on Katie Pease against the field. She won the first heat easily by a length from Nell Flaherty in 1:46¼; Henry having been withdrawn before the start. The betting now became $100 to $12 on Katie, and although they tried to beat her by letting Blanche press her from the start, while they saved Nell Flaherty for the third heat, the favorite again came in a length ahead in 1:48. In the third and deciding heat, Katie waited on the others for over three-quarters of a mile, when she challenged the leaders and beat them home by a length and a half in 1:46; Blanche Hall being distanced.

DEATH OF TROTTING TRAINERS.—During the past week two well-known Western trotting trainers have passed away. One was Jim Rockey, who died on Jan. 3 at Indianapolis; he was regarded as one of the best drivers that ever handled the reins, and had his honesty and sobriety been on a par with his skill, he would have attained the highest position in his profession. He rode Rolla Golddust against the pacer Billy Boyce at Buffalo Aug. 1, 1868, when the latter made the fastest time on record. The other was Jim Monroe, an old Kentucky trainer of trotting-stock of great local reputation for skill. He was drowned in riding across Stoner Creek, below Paris, having fallen from his horse into the river while in a state of intoxication.

HENRY MORT FEIST, the well-known English sporting writer, and editor of *The London Sporting Life* from the period of its establishment, died in London, Dec. 18, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His writings over the signature of "Augur" were especially familar to turfmen, who will sincerely mourn his untimely taking-off.

CURLING.

THE WINTER SPORT OF THE SCOTS.

The ice on the curling pond in the Central Park in this city was in capital condition on Saturday, Jan. 9, and though the weather was very cold, especially toward the latter part of the afternoon, quite a large number of spectators congregated to witness the several matches arranged to take place then. The first was between the St. Andrew Club of this city and the Ivanhoes of Paterson, N. J. The score was as under:

St. Andrew.	Rink No. 1.	Ivanhoe.
No. 1, W. Ritchie	No. 1, J. Gun	
No. 2, G. Henderson	34 No. 2, G. Satterbury	19
No. 3, S. McConchie	No. 3, H. L. Butter	
Skip, J. McKellock	Skip, J. R. Smith	
	Rink No. 2.	
No. 1, D. McClintock	No. 1, M. Clark	
No. 2, A. M. Stewart	25 No. 2, W. Prall	*24
No. 3, Jos. Henderson	Skip, J. Dunlop	
Skip, W. Ferguson		
Total	59 Total	43

* Two out of the three players each played three stones.

Two other contests were under way ere the above match was concluded, the clubs engaged all hailing from the metropolis. The results are below given:

New York.	Rink No. 1.	Thistle.
No. 1, R. Swinton	No. 1, J. Simpson	
No. 2, W. Houston	20 No. 2, W. Michael	18
No. 3, J. Patterson	No. 3, W. Ludlow	
Skip, G. Grieve	Skip, D. Auchie	
	Rink No. 2.	
No. 1, D. Mann	No. 1, W. Moncure	
No. 2, J. Dingewell	36 No. 2, J. Barry	1
No. 3, D. Wright	No. 3, W. Brander	
Skip, J. Adie	Skip, J. Watt	
	Rink No. 3.	
No. 1, J. Richmond	No. 1, G. Hacklin	
No. 2, H. Duncan	26 No. 2, A. McKay	19
No. 3, T. Muir	No. 3, C. McKinzie	
Skip, D. Reed	Skip, J. Campbell	
Total	82 Total	53

Umpire—J. Bogg, New York Caledonian Club.

Caledonian.	Rink No. 1.	Empire City.
No. 1, J. Russell	No. 1, J. Conley	
No. 2, A. Young	21 No. 2, J. Suffrein	17
No. 3, D. Muir	No. 3, W. Rothwell	
Skip, M. Baxter	Skip, S. W. McIntyre	
	Rink No. 2.	
No. 1, W. Winterbottom	No. 1, F. Riley	
No. 2, J. Robb	27 No. 2, G. Crawford	*18
No. 3, P. Scott	Skip, A. More	
Skip, J. Templeton		
	Rink No. 3.	
No. 1, A. Hope	No. 1, J. L. Robinson	
No. 2, R. Scott	29 No. 2, J. Russell	18
No. 3, J. Thomposon	No. 3, J. Smiley	
Skip, J. Fisher	Skip, R. Russell	
Total	77 Total	53

* Two out of the three players each played three stones.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PERKINS DEFEATED BY TIME.

The match in which William Perkins, the champion walker of England, attempted to cover eight miles, fair heel-and toe, inside of an hour, he agreeing to stake £100 against a like amount put up by Alfred Foster, came off at the Lilliebridge Grounds, London, Eng., Dec. 21, and so great was the interest taken in it that some 13,000 persons assembled to witness the attempt. It has always been an object of ambition amongst the celebrities at walking to accomplish this task, and it may not be out of place on this occasion to allude to a few of the best performances that have been recorded in our columns. Charles Westhall walked seven and a half miles in 58min. 25sec., over a mile, inch and turn, on a turnpike road at Slough, on June 13, 1857, for a bet of £250 to £200, and this feat is unequaled on a turnpike road; but George Topley, for a bet of £100, walked seven and a half miles well within the hour at Old Brompton Grounds, in 1865. Shortly after W. Spooner, in a match with J. Miles, of Brixton, covered eight miles in 58min. 40sec., but his style was so bad that it was not recorded or accepted as a best performance; this, however, was completely put in the shade on March 12, 1866, when Topley, in a 21-mile match with the luckless Miles of Brixton, covered the first eight miles in 58m. 37sec. at Old Brompton, but the comments on the method of going by the sporting papers were the reverse of complimentary. In the following June Spooner and Topley met at the same ground to walk 21 miles for £50 and the championship, when, strange to say, although each had been credited with walking eight miles inside the hour, the time occupied in the first eight miles was 61min. 33sec. for Spooner and 63min. 35sec. for Topley. The latter, however, was matched to walk eight miles inside the hour on the 30th of the following month for £25 a side, and won the wager by 21sec.; but as the backer of "time" was absent and no appeal was made as to the style of walking, the affair was regarded in the same light that the 21 miles match against time was looked upon, when it will be remembered that, although the affair was finished in the dark, no appeal was made, and the referee (the late Charles Westhall) had no alternative but to award Topley the stakes. The weather had been anything but favorable for an undertaking of this nature, but no pains had been spared by those who had charge of the ground to make it as fit as possible. Perkins is 22 years of age, and stands about 5ft. 6in. His style of going is fair, and on the strength of his wonderful performance with Stockwell, he was at one time slightly the favorite, though before the start 5 to 4 was laid on the scythe-bearer. At the word, given by J. Vandy, he commenced his task, and completed the first mile in 6min. 55sec., when it certainly looked as if he would achieve the task. Two miles are showed 13min. 35sec., so that his second mile took 7min. 40sec., and three miles were walked in 22min. 23sec.—making the duration of the mile 7min. 48sec. At this period 6 to 4 was freely offered on Time, and when he had covered four miles it was apparent that he could not achieve the task, as the watches showed 30min. 33sec. Five miles occupied 38min. 35sec., and six miles, 46min. 45sec., but after going another lap and some 100 yards, he wisely gave up, his time for the whole distance being 50min.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Bart. Tinnucher.

THE RING.

FIDDLER NEARY gave an exhibition at Apollo Hall, 76 Prince street, this city, on Monday evening, Jan. 4. There was a goodly company present, and they witnessed a first-rate exhibition, which was brought to a close in style by the beneficiary and his old antagonist Pete Croker, they making a most satisfactory set-to. Some claim that Neary had the best of the encounter, but the majority consider honors equally divided. A better or more enjoyable set-to has not taken place in this neighbourhood for a long time, and certain it is that Fiddler felt flattering and did much better, than when he sparred at the Bowery Theatre. The other meets were between Billy Madden and George Siler, Seddons' Mouse and Charley O'Malia, Jack Turner and Rough Robin, and several others whose names we have forgotten. Uncle Bill Tovee was master.

CHARLES COLLINS, the "Cast-iron Man," who for some time past has been engaged in imparting a knowledge of the science of self-defense to the members of the Washington (D. C.) Gymnasium, will give a gymnastic exhibition at Oddfellows Hall, between E and D streets, that city, on Monday evening, Jan. 18. Upon that occasion three prizes will be presented, a silver cup to the best wrestler, a silver mug to the most artistic club-swinger, and a set of boxing gloves to the best gentleman sparrer. The competitors for the latter prize to spar with gloves colored with lampblack. The wind-up will be between Collins and Mike Donovan of Philadelphia.

PATSY SHEPARD has opened a pleasant suite of rooms at No. 3 Peck street, Providence, R. I., where he will attend to all who desire to become acquainted with the manly art.

BILLY AND WARWICK EDWARDS will please call or send for letters addressed to them in our care.

A WRESTLING MATCH for the championship of Devon and Cornwall came off recently at St. James' Hall, Plymouth, Eng., between Samuel Oliver of Devonshire and Samuel Rundle of Cornwall. The stakes were £20, and the conditions were that one back should be played in Cornish style, and one in Devonshire; the third, if required, to be tossed for. Only two backs were required to decide the match, Rundle, who is much the younger man, winning in both styles after a prolonged and very severe struggle.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
EVERY EVENING AT 7.45
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES.
EIGHT NEW STARS EIGHT.
MISS MINNIE GRAY, THE CHARMING VOCALIST.
GRIFFIN AND RICE,
FRANK JONES, THE MUSICAL MOKE.
TIM MORRIS. ELLA HELFIN.
MILLIE PICKERT. JESSIE DANVERS.
AND ALL THE METROPOLITAN FAVORITES.
GIRLS OF THE PERIOD AND BOYS OF THE DAY.
INTRODUCING THE CELEBRATED
LE JARDIN MABILLE. 42-1t

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209 COLUMBIA STREET, COR. SACKETT,
SOUTH BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Skeehan Bros., proprietors and managers. Open year round. First-class talent wanted at all times, lady artists immediately. Salaries low but sure.
Address as above. 42-1t*

$1,500.
TO ADVANCE AGENTS.—Wanted a man well up in the show business, with above amount, to take half interest in one of the best exhibitions in the country, to travel in the capacity of advance agent. None need address who do not thoroughly understand the business.
JOSEPH SHOEMAKER,
1,722 Green st., Phila, Pa. 42-2t*

GREGG CAVENDASH.
A young man who has had some experience in taming bears, etc., would like an engagement with a circus and menagerie, where he would be afforded an opportunity of learning to tame and train animals. Address 332 Market st., cor. 6th, Wheeling, W. Va. 42-1t

OLIVE LOGAN
AS MRS. NOBLE
AND MLLE. VERONIQUE
IN WIRT SIKES'
reconstructed version of
SURF;
OR,
SUMMER LIFE AT LONG BRANCH.
National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Jan. 11 to 18.
For open dates address as above. 42-1t

A BOY FIFTEEN YEARS OF
age will apprentice himself to learn the circus biz. Have traveled for past twenty months with Great Eastern Circus in ticket wagon, for writing, etc., and rode in flat races with Hippodrome. Am a good assistant bookkeeper. P. S.—Good security given. Would like to learn equestrian and tumbling business with some responsible manager or equestrian. Salary no object. Address M. G. ALEXANDER, Walnut-street House, Cincinnati, O.
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Will not leave
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CHOICE FRONT ROOM, with excellent board, to let cheap. House heated. Late breakfast. 42-1t*

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A great and decided triumph in Baltimore.
The Young and Brilliant Actress
RENA, and Mr. FRED. G. MAEDER,
In McCloskey's last and greatest play.
Dates open, also, for Chas. H. Morton's POOR AND PROUD, of (localized) INSIDE TRACK and other strong plays.
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IN
SMOKE.
Fox's, Philadelphia, Jan. 11.
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I received of G. Salomons, Lynn, Mass., one box rosin, the best yet, and most durable to strings. Give him a call.
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Address, stating lowest price and how much required in advance, to ROBINSON & CO.,
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BILLY ST. GEORGE,
Irish Comedian, Vocalist and Dancer, who is now traveling under his own name of
BARNEY FERGUSON,
The Donegal Boy, is meeting with UNBOUNDED SUCCESS in his Irish Specialties with McGill & Strong's Mirror of Ireland, etc. Opened in Philadelphia Jan 18.
McGILL & STRONG'S MIRROR OF IRELAND.—McGill & Strong's "Mirror of Ireland" showed to good houses during their stay in Jersey City. Among the artists are William St. George, a very clever Irish comedian and a great favorite with the audience.—SUNDAY CITIZEN, New York City. 42-1t*

PARTNER WANTED, WELL UP IN NEGRO BUSINESS. Address DAVE SHORT, care of CLIPPER Office, N. Y. 42-1t*

A DECIDED SUCCESS.
MISS MARTHA WREN AND JAMES COLLINS,
at Olympic Theatre, Broadway, N. Y. Recommence at
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An original German Sketch, originally performed with great success by the GERMAN Emigrants,
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Price 35 cents. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of price, by F. W. HELMICK, Music Dealer,
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THE GREAT EXPOSER OF SPIRITUALISM,
APPEARS IN NEW YORK IN
FEBRUARY. 42 2t*

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TO MISS ANGIE SCHOTTE,
or any other magician, performer or manager. I caution you, each and all, from performing or advertising my
ENCHANTED CANOPY, OR
MAGICIAN'S DREAM,
by that name or any other, as the illusion is my own property, bought, paid for, and copyrighted by me. Any infringement will cause me to prosecute anyone who advertises or performs in it. Respectfully yours,
PROF. MARTINO.
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I WILL FURNISH a first-class Brass and String Band for the coming season. Address T. E. G., care Arbor Hotel, Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y. 42-2t*

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Specialty artists, both male and female, in all branches of the profession wanted at all times. Address all communications to HARRY CAVELLA, Business Manager. 42-4t

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VOCALIST,
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wishes to notify managers that she can be addressed in the future as MISS OCTAVIA. 42-1t*

ORCHESTRA MUSIC OF ALL
KINDS arranged for Minstrel Organizations, Public and Private Entertainments and Amateur String Bands; also Music arranged for Piano. All letters of inquiry must contain stamp, and be careful to state the number and ability of performers, especially first violin. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Fifteen years' experience and best of reference. G. H. ROWE, 23 Winter st., Boston, Mass. 1t*

WHEN YOU VISIT BLOOM-
INGTON, ILL., be sure and give Durley Hall, and its Agent, Geo. S. Smith, a "wide berth," or he will expect to help himself to your best seats and then want to sell your tickets, handle your money, etc., when you owe him nothing. This he did to the McKean-Campbell Combination, and when he was refused admittance he turned the gas off when the audience were coming in, and we could not play. Take Schroder's Grand Opera-house. Dr. Schroder is a true friend to the profession, and when Smith turned out his gas the Doctor kindly opened the doors of his new Grand Opera-house to us free of charge. McKean-Campbell Combination—Frank G. Campbell, J. E. Doyle, Simcoe Lee, A. L. Mercer, T. E. Lane, Jas. McDonald, John McReynolds, Ned Dixon, Gabriella McKean, Henrietta Vaders, Marion Bent, Verna Le Roy. 42-1t*

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is now open to all first-class troupes. Hall well ventilated; raised seats, good stage, dressing-rooms, ticket office. Will seat 800, and hold 1,000. Population of our city, 6,000. Good show town. Rents moderate.
For terms and dates address
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WANTED BY A YOUNG MAN
a situation as property man or assistant in any traveling show. Has worked at the business before. Address JOHN APPLETON,
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A CARD.
CHICAGO, Jan. 2, 1875.
FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—I notice in your paper dated Jan. 2, 1875, that some party or parties advertise under the head of Leading Dramatic Agency, in which they state that they have purchased my agency business (which I established in 1869). Now, I have never had an office satisfactory from my patrons to purchase my business; consequently, have not sold out to anyone, but STILL CONTINUE IN THE BUSINESS as heretofore.
Very truly, GEO. SHURBER,
42-1t 119 Randolph street.

PROF. J. NICH GODDALL,
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MR. JOHN H. JACK.—I MUST HAVE an immediate settlement for my play "Wife of Two." If you had lost the manuscript, as you alleged, why have you been playing it again. FRED G. MAEDER,
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In this department none but principals will be dealt with, and none but those having READY CASH CAPITAL need make application.
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desirous of making engagements for the present or future will find it to their advantage to make application to us.
CIRCUS PEOPLE
who have made no positive arrangements for the coming season can benefit themselves by writing us their address, lines of business, salaries, etc.
We can also give immediate engagements to first-class VARIETY TALENT, ESPECIALLY LADIES.
We claim this to be THE LEADING DRAMATIC AND GENERAL AMUSEMENT AGENCY on this continent, and it will be to the interests of managers and the profession to deal with us. Applicants by mail must inclose return postage. JNO. M. HICKEY & CO.
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WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE,
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and Ring Stock, consisting of four pad-horses and one trick horse. La Petite Annie Carroll, Principal act. Master Willie Carroll, Somersault; W. B. Carroll, and Dolley Varder, the Baby Wonder, in his carrying act; Orlando, the Fire King, the only horse in the world that goes through Fire Balloons. Can be engaged for the coming touring season of 1875. Address
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COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN'S DRAMATIC AGENCY,
TO VARIETY THEATRE MANAGERS.

The following specialty artists can be engaged through this office, for two or four weeks, by recognized managers only. Those individuals who are in the habit of opening places of amusement, but who have not sufficient business tact to run a show (excepting into the ground), and who are possessed of scarcely sufficient money to pay for the first week's advertising, with nothing to lose (not even reputation), but trading on the talents of professional artists, need not apply to this office for a company; as no notice is taken of such applications, unless the manager is prepared to advance one week's salary to each and every artist engaged, also the railroad fare from New York. This rule applies to every one of a theatrical speculative turn of m

THE WORN-OUT ACTOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

In an attic dark, lonely, and far from the street,
From the roar of the wheels and the tramp of the feet,
The laugh of the careless, the sighs of the sad,
The jeers of the scornful and curse of the bad;
From where Poverty creeps, scarcely owning a name,
And Vice outfaces Virtue and flaunteth its shame;
Where all are unheedful of Charity's cry,
And Midas rides on, frowning hard and inhuman
Upon Want, be it man, sick child or frail woman;
Where even Religion oft acteth a lie,
Is a man in his loneliness waiting to die—
Up in the attic.

Though he now is forgotten—long filled is his place
By others and younger in the mad, eager race
For gain and for power—scarce a decade of years
Since he woke all to smiles or dissolved into tears,
And from pit to the dome every theatre rung,
As the magical eloquence fell from his tongue,
And the newspapers echoed the plaudits of fame
Of the man who, while now the Winter is sighing,
Afar from the scenes of his triumphs is dying;
Left alone, as to minister to him were shame,
Neglected by all, scarce remembered his name—
Alone in the attic.

But Heaven, in its pity, stoops down far more kind
Than the brotherhood, sisterhood, oft boasted, which bind
Every one to his fellows; and through the dark room,
To dispel all the shadows and chase away gloom,
A glory is born—steals the sun in warm, brightly,
Till banished the shadows that hover round nightly,
And the low ceiling changes to high palace-walls,
The cobwebs are into rich tapestry rolled—
His rags into garments of purple and gold—
The sob of the wind into childhood's sweet calls,
And music the weirdest and holiest falls—
Down into the attic.

Unto his parting soul all real it seems,
But lo! it is only the bright tissue of dreams;
Yet his leaden ear thrills as around him there rings
The plaudit when he steps forth the shadow of kings!
And a benison Beauty wafts down from above,
When he touches their hearts with the glamour of Love;
In sables he stalks the sad, mind-shaken Dane:
As Ingomar bows to a maid loving and lowly;
Baffled, as Shylock, on the bond most unholy;
Defiant as Macbeth, the wife-ruled Thane—
All these glide past, robbing stern Want of its bane—
Up in the attic.

Now raging as Lear, bidding defiance to storm;
Now Romeo, passionate, tender and warm;
Now winning all hearts, making every hand to applaud,
As he stands forth the living creation of Claude,
Now teaches Love's lessons, the sincerest, most pure;
Now treachery finding out, the brave-hearted Moor;
Now murderer stealing on, hounded ever by fear—
Now anchor to all of the shrinking back defiance to all of the foemen,
Now tender and true in his defense of women—
Now mourning in ashes above some sad, lowly bier;
The mimic scene changes, now a smile, now a tear—
For him in the attic.

Ah! Fancy indeed is leading him a strange dance—
Now as the Cardinal ruling Louis and France;
As Virginius, who, far sooner than mist of a breath
Of dishonor, would give his loved daughter to death;
Now the poor, frightened soul, trembling at shadows and sounds,
Now trampling in dust the proud thrones and crowns;
Now ringing the long silent bells of old times,
And getting to earth the almost buried strings,
Now bringing back heroes all clad in new glory,
And weaving each Christmas in other-day chimes,
Appear on the boards, breathe the poets' grand rhymes—
To him in the attic,

Shapes, shadows fantastic, or once known in history,
Stand out plain as the day, or else shrouded in mystery;
The guilty, the penitent, the noble, the base,
Round the worn-out actor in motley are giving place;
And trooping come memories long forgotten again,
A surcease for sorrow and nepenthe for pain;
And the darkness of night blusheth crimson as Mars;
The curtain is lifted on the wondering crowd.
The overture rises, swelling grandly and loud—
Every scene is displayed, glittering brightly with stars,
And banners are floating wide—flushed all the jars—
For him in the attic.

Forgotten by men, long the football of stern fate,
Stung by jealousy, fought by rivals, defeated by hate,
A grander stage waits him, bright scenes are unrolled,
Where the morning's the sunset and sunset the noon gold;
Where there's nothing of acting, the text is sublime,
And the music swells on through vast seons of time;
Where all of tinsel is banished, silver harps ever peal,
As on through the ages the chorus is ringing
Of "love unto man" that the angels are singing;
And everything lost of the sham, false and ideal,
Everything sterling, just and real—
Comes a glimpse to the attic.

Swept away is the gloom, lost forever earth's roar,
As the spirit catches glimpses of those gone before;
Like a mist when the sun in its glory appears,
Or lost, like the very and shadow of fears;
And a "text" such as ever undreamed of before
Is wafted to him from the heavenly shore;
And new hope, a new part, a new drama, is born,
And lo! on his vision there dawns from afar
A stage where his crown is a dazzling star!
And his vesture is bright as the rose-tinted morn,
When earth's curtain for him is finally drawn,
And he soars from the attic.

AN AERIAL DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEORGE KAYE.

II.

In the second-story of a house in the street Chaussee d'Antin sat Dolores in her boudoir. The lovely occupant of the little room was surrounded by a luxury of the rarest and most refined description. Could provincial people have been admitted into this charming boudoir they would have imagined a duchess, at least, dwelt there.

And such a queen reigned merely one of those odd, interesting beings whose vague existence is founded upon the caprices of a mass which will forget to-morrow what it worships to-day. Hence such beings may be likened unto meteors; they burn with brilliant indandescence, their fire suddenly dies out, and all that is left of them is the ashes, barring when the mass of rank commits a folly for such a creature and gives her position in society. Only Paris knows the marvel of such apparitions, which yesterday were vegetating in the deepest obscurity, and to-day are talked of by everybody.

Dolores sat at an escritoire, beautifully ornamented with buhl-work and marquetry. She was attired in a dress of maroon-colored satin. Her rich, black hair had that purplish hue peculiar to the children of the tropics, and hung in natural, graceful waves about her temples. Her lovely face, classical in contour, was shrouded in an expression of pallor; but not, however, drive away the dusky tints of a southern clime.

Her head was supported upon an arm; an open letter, faded and yellow, and a locket, lay before her. The locket contained a miniature; it bore the features of De Merillac. The donna's brow was bent over these two objects. A profound melancholy had settled like a cloud upon its alabaster surface, and an expression of indescribably tender sadness smothered the fires of her large brown eyes. A quiver passed over her lips.

Then a tear rolled like a pearl upon the picture, followed by another and yet another. But only for a few moments lasted this manifestation of an agonized soul. Its strength and resolution fought down the softness that had for a brief while overpowered it. Pride and determination asserted themselves upon the pallid face; the slender, blood-red lips curled with the dauntless expression that was impressed even the blase Parisians with a feeling of awe; her glances flamed—the flower of the tropics had shaken the dew of night from its cheeks.

"It must be so!" she murmured.

She rose and strode several times hurriedly through the apartment. Then she paused at the mantel and rang the bell. The waiting-maid appeared.

"Kindle a fire in the grate."

"A fire?" asked the astounded girl.

"Immediately! Why do you stare?"

"In July?"

"Be so good as to obey me at once!" returned the mistress with some irritation.

The girl obeyed with expedition. In a few minutes a merry little fire crackled in the grate.

"Now go!" said Dolores to the puzzled servant. "I am at home to no one but the Baron de Merillac, and even he must not be admitted unannounced."

Dolores stepped to the fireplace and stared into the glow. The menial left the room, shaking her head dubiously. Several minutes fled; the beautiful Spaniard was plunged into profound study.

"Why did I learn to love him? Why did his unhappy letter came into my hands!" she murmured. "Why did Fate decree that I should adore the man whom the bonds of Nature command me to execrate! His presence makes me shudder, and yet my soul loves on. Oh, am unspeakably wretched!" She stepped to the writing-desk with a look of intense agony, and gazed with a tender expression upon the nearly obliterated writing. Her energy seemed broken anew. "Father! father!" she walled, sobbing convulsively, and her tears again gushed forth. "Had you, in your dying moments, foreseen what misery these terrible words would bring upon your child, your hand would have dropped paralyzed at your side ere writing them down. O my God! Thou knowest what it has cost me to make this dreadful resolve, which an inexorable necessity, the injunction of a dying, unfortunate father, impels me to consummate! Great Heaven! didst thou think of this hour when thou gavest the child in its cradle such an iron will, and then didst steel its courage with adversity and dangers? But this is superhuman what I am expected to accomplish, it is superhuman, and I—am but a weak and loving woman."

She sank into a chair. She buried her face in her hands. So she remained perhaps a quarter of an hour. At last she arose. Her eyes were dry, her brow pale, but calm.

"It must be so!" she breathed. "There is no alternative, no escape, wheresoever I may look. I could destroy this letter, but would that blot out his sorrows and cancel my duty? Could I clasp Victor lovingly in my arms whilst my soul is averted from him in horror? Could I smilingly press his hands and gaze fondly into his eyes, when a voice within me whispers: 'Victor, to thy fingers cleaveth the blood of my father; thine eyes reflect into mine the shadow of thy guilt!' And he—could he be happy at my side? No! no! we both would be living lies! His soul would be forever clouded with a crime, and mine with a knowledge; and thus we would pass, deceiving each other, and both secretly miserable, unto our graves. It must be! Away with the sweet dreams of everlasting spring, and love, and bliss! My resolve is taken!"

Her eyes glittered ominously, her lineaments had become hard as adamant.

With a quick movement she crossed to the escritoire. A hidden spring yielded to the pressure of her finger, and a secret compartment was revealed. From this she took a bundle of letters that bore De Merillac's chirography. She imprinted fervent, passionate kisses upon them and the locket, and then—all became a prey to the flames.

A sigh of despair escaped her lips as she gazed upon the pyre of these things endeared. Then she pressed her hand to her heart, and her lovely face no longer betrayed any trace of excitement. The struggle was over, and all was still in the little chamber.

The servant announced Monsieur le Baron de Merillac. The letter had vanished from the table. Dolores had concealed it in her bosom. The lover was met with a smile. Only a woman understands how to smile, to feel, with a broken heart.

"You are late, my friend!" said Dolores. "Were you less the cavalier, I should have apprehended that you dreaded this appointment. You did not forget that to-day I should take you on a journey through perilous regions, and you know that the achievement requires uncommon nerve."

"Led by your hand I would with joy journey to ——" Victor indicated the direction with his finger; "and so much the more willingly will I fly towards the heavens with you. And then, you know, it is but another way of reaching what your heart opens before me every day. This afternoon I shall arrive at the goal by a different route, that is all."

"I know full well that the Baron de Merillac is never embarrassed for a graceful repartee."

"Truly, that compliment humiliates me. But why so pale to-day?"

"It is nothing; I slept badly last night."

"Hm! Why, you have a fire! And—there is something in the atmosphere! With what do you perfume your rooms?"

"With love-letters, which might prove inconvenient to the future wife."

"My failings include neither jealousy nor indiscreetness."

"Then you will be a pattern for all husbands. But it is late, my friend. It is not judicious to keep a crowd waiting that pays for its amusement. Celine!"

The maid appeared, bearing a charming Florentine hat and a white lace shawl, whose delicate network undulated like silvery waves.

"Permit me to complete my toilet in your presence, if you please."

"Permit me first, dear Dolores, to engage your attention for a moment with something else."

Dolores looked at her lover interrogatively. Victor did not answer, but stepped to the door. He opened it and called to a lacquey, who had for nearly an hour been waiting for him at the porter's lodge, and then had followed him to the ante-room.

The lacquey entered upon being summoned, laden with a large box and several small caskets. Victor relieved him of his burden and dismissed him.

"I have taken the liberty," began Victor, opening the box, "of consulting your dressmaker and having something made for you, which, I trust, will meet with your approbation."

A superb dress of snowy moire, with costly edging of wondrously lovely Brussels points, and elegantly worked lilies, in which the diamonds glistened like drops of dew, dazed the eyes of the beautiful Spanish girl.

"Your bridal dress!" whispered Victor.

Dolores trembled, though almost imperceptibly; she leaned upon a chair for support. Victor did not remark it, in the gladness of his heart.

"My bridal dress!" she stammered, shaken to her inmost soul.

"And here," said Victor, unclasping an etui, "are jewels. But when you wear them, cast your eyes to the ground, that you may not shame the diamonds with the brilliants of your beautiful face."

Dolores neither saw the sparkling gems, nor heard the flattering words of the man in whom her whole soul was centred.

"My bridal dress!" she faltered again, and sank sobbing upon Victor's shoulder.

Poor Victor! He took the outburst of a tortured heart for tears of joy. He rained kisses upon her hands, neck and lips. He swam in bliss. And Dolores? This conflict ended, too. She became tranquil, she smiled again.

"You are doing too much for me, Victor, too much indeed."

"No, no, Dolores, I am unspeakably happy. But away from Paris! Here reign the revel of the senses, the sarcastic smile, indifference and skepticism—here the heart's holiest feelings are ignored and profaned. Away from here! Our loves shall mingle with the flowers, hide among the shadows of the silent forest, and bask in valley and on hill-side in the golden rays of the setting sun. I have purchased a villa on the banks of the Rhine, nestling amid the oak, the linden and the grape. In the background rise the purple peaks of the Vosges, like Cardinal rulers of our sequestered nook. Across the limpid, shining river, on a beetling crag, towers a crumbling castle, the stronghold of some haughty German baron of feudal times, to fascinate our minds with legends of chivalry and romance. And over all this fair and peaceful scene, which seems made alone for lovers to inhabit, the bright, blue heavens smile down in glorious transfiguration. Thither we will go, Dolores; there let us love and dream!"

What mortal would not have suffered the torments of Tantalus in the situation of poor Dolores? And yet she smiled. Her feelings had become numb by a fixed, despairing resolve. And Victor suspected nothing; he was too much preoccupied with his felicity. Even the most experienced observer is easily deceived in a matter where his own heart is concerned.

"A beautiful dream," said Dolores—"too beautiful for this world."

"In a few days it shall be realized, and the reality will be more beautiful than the dream. But I forget," he added, constraining himself to interrupt a flow of the most delightful sensations, "that to-day you are still the slave of the hydra-headed Paris. Paris awaits you!"

"You are right," rejoined Dolores. "We have no more time to lose."

She embraced her lover and—smiled.

The caskets were closed, and with them a world, a heaven—each the sweet, delirious phantasy of love.

The donna's toilet was rapidly finished.

"I notice you have not yet made preparations for your departure to-morrow," said Victor, as they descended the broad staircase.

"I shall travel with but little luggage, and that is easily collected."

"And your furniture, your ornaments, your little household treasures?"

"An agent, with whom I have already entered into an arrangement for their sale, will visit me in the morning."

The Baron's equipage, a light, graceful tilbury attached to a pair of magnificent greys, halted at the door. A diminutive negro, richly liveried, sat grinning behind.

De Merillac assisted Dolores to enter. Stepping in himself, he seized the reins, and off they went at a gallop over the boulevards des Capucines and Madelaine.

III.

On the Place de la Concorde, in the Champs Elysees, and all along the avenue extending unto the Barriere de l'Etoile, surged a vast and gayly checkered multitude. Even the Arch of Triumph was strown with human beings, and as far away as the Bois de Boulogne ebbed and flowed the living waves.

For three days the people of Paris had been conducting colossal bills posted at all the street corners, which announced that Senora Dolores would on this day make her last ascension in her balloon "Mexico"—sufficient cause to muster nearly half the city in the vicinage of the Hippodrome. The weather was not all too favorable for a voyage through space. True, the sun laughed down in all his blazing splendor, but the sky did not look entirely clear, whilst a strong current in the higher strata of the atmosphere drove long columns of clouds with furious velocity from east to west. The Hippodrome was taken by storm. With astonishing celerity, boxes, chairs and amphitheatre were filled. Not a square foot, perhaps, of the immense auditorium remained unoccupied. The circus resembled a huge unroofed colosseum. In the centre of the arena hung the balloon, oscillating and reeling like a drunken man. It was secured to the ground with stout ropes, and a number of attendants were engaged in putting everything in order about the monster. Around the dressing-room of the equestriennes and, prior to the ascension, were to compete in the usual variety of races, were congregated a number of admirers and sporting-men. Many of them were provided with flowers and confectionery; they laughed and chatted and joked, and negotiated for appointments in the evening. Spruce, active grooms were leading the impatient horses over the course. At last the signal for the beginning of the performance was given. The amazons swept like a hurricane over the track, and an enfilade of bravos hurtled upon them from all sides. The victress was greeted with hurrahs and clapping of hands. After this three more races transpired.

Towards the end of this part of the programme De Merillac's tilbury halted at the little postern entry which is used exclusively by the members and attaches of the circus. Dolores slipped from the wagon, and Victor, tossing the reins to a little Ethiopian, followed her into the Hippodrome. The beauteous Spaniard walked rapidly across the arena to where the balloon swung in its fastenings. She was recognized by the audience, and a murmur like the breaking of the far-off sea went all around, and gradually swelled into thunderous ovation. But Dolores heeded none of this. With careful scrutiny she inspected and tested the balloon, the escape-valve, the car, the ropes, the inflating apparatus, and gave orders and instructions to the busy attendants. She herself touched them and that, and at last all was prepared for the aerial flight.

Victor remained at the side of his betrothed. A peculiar feeling, almost of anxious suspense, had gained control of him, but he smiled serenely upon the preparations, and his countenance was perfectly placid. Dolores and Victor stepped into the basket, a whispering rustled through the crowd:

"Who is the young man?"

"A brother, perhaps."

"No; an Englishman who has sworn to break his neck by hook or by crook."

"An adorer, who wishes to be elevated above his rivals."

Some of the more aristocratic spectators recognized De Merillac.

"The devil!" said one—"this woman has deprived him of his senses."

"She will do the same with his fortune."

"This will be stuff for a picture in *Ghariwri*!"

"A devilish sly fellow anyway," said Lord Pudding, "for he will have a rendezvous without witnesses, at all events."

Somewhat apart from a knot of officers and exquisites stood a one-armed captain. It was Eugene, Victor's friend. He was silent and pensive. He shook his head when he beheld Victor enter the basket, and muttered something inaudible. Victor sat. Dolores stood erect in the car. She had laid aside her hat and shawl. Her captivating face was pale, like marble, and her eye gleamed like the eagle's upon the busy spectacle. An imperious word, a wave of the hand, and the guys were loosed. The balloon burst from its moorings, and sped like an arrow into the air. A deafening salvo of shouts and huzzas reverberated from many hundred thousand throats in the Hippodrome, in the streets and squares, on balconies and house-tops. Countless handkerchiefs were waving, an army of lorgnettes and opera-glasses was leveled at the empyrean. The balloon rose almost perpendicularly to a height of about twelve hundred feet. Dolores still stood proudly erect in the car of triumph with a smile on her lips, and her cheeks had become slightly flushed. Victor gazed with speechless wonderment down into the depths.

There below lay the colossal arena, which they had quitted but several seconds before, now shrunken into the finger-ring. Its variegated, medley multitude of the Hippodrome and its surroundings resembled myriads of many-colored dots, which, undistinguishable to the eye, were interswarming in kaleidoscopic confusion. The lofty, luxuriant expanses of trees in the garden of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysees, and the Boulogne Park had become lovely little grass-plots, whose bright verdure seemed slowly rising above the ground. The tangled promenades, the highways stretching along the suburbs and the country and crossing each other in the distance, appeared like a delicate tracery of drab and corn-colored bands upon a carpet of sea-green velvet. And the proud Arch of Triumph at the Barriere de l'Etoile, over which the air-ship was then just soaring gracefully, as well as the bold Obelisk of Luxor and the stately dome of the Invalides, all had, from that dizzy height, been reduced to tiny toys.

And yet Paris presented an indescribably enchaining aspect—Paris, with its labyrinthine streets, its palaces, churches, parks, squares, monuments, quays, bridges, fortresses, and boulevards. Over all this hung a light vapor like the evening mist in humid valleys; and through it all meandered the Seine like a fillet of silver, in serpentine windings, and glistening in the sunlight. And all around, embowered in a wealth of foliage and gilded by the sun-rays, Neuilly, St. Cloud, Asnieres, Passy, Montmorency, Auteuil, Versailles, and many other hamlets, villages and towns were dipping in the blue distance. It was like a fairy vision. From Victor's lips escaped a low cry of admiration. Then he expatiated enthusiastically upon what he beheld. Dolores was occupied in watching the motions of the balloon, which was now passing beyond the enceinte of Paris. A hum or muffled roar, like the sound that appears to issue from a conch when held to the ear, came whirring up from the great city. Dolores did not look down; she intently watched the courses of the clouds, which were careering but a short distance over the balloon, in a northwesterly direction. She threw out some of the ballast. The balloon shot up till it had nearly touched the border of the lowest stratum of pearl-gray fog, and then, suddenly seized by the powerful rush of air, followed with the velocity of a bullet in the pathway of the madly-scudding cloud. Victor gripped the rail of the car with his hands. The celerity with which the air-ship had unexpectedly lunged ahead nearly took away his breath. He could now scarcely determine the objects below, which just before had commanded his rapt attention. They were dimming and disappearing with startling rapidity. Dolores sat opposite him, the stereotyped smile playing about her lips.

Paris had faded from view. St. Denis to the right, St. Germain to the left, soon succeeded the capital; only the Seine remained their companion. But after a while this resplendent, giant snake, which had become almost the sole resting-point for the scouring eye, also passed out of sight. The air-ship had now attained a prodigious height.

Dolores again threw over ballast. The balloon became enveloped by immense impenetrable masses of clouds. Victor was sensible of nothing around him. He could barely distinguish the outlines of his beloved, though her face was but three feet from his. The young man's heart, at other times so resolute, began to palpitate almost audibly.

"Dolores," said he, touching her hand, "do you purpose taking me to the moon?"

"We must cross this cloud-field," she quietly responded.

In several moments the balloon again soared in the clear, blue, endless ether. The sinking sun shed all its gold upon the lovers. Beneath them surged and foamed the white and shimmering cloud-ocean, far away, in bizarre and marvelous conformations. From time to time enormous rifts disclosed to them portions of the distant earth, which, like a faintly-illuminated panorama, gloamed up in indeterminate colors. The balloon had not left the current that carried it with the speed of the tornado towards the northwest. Victor's senses were steeped in voluptuous enjoyment of all the glories his spell-bound glance could descry. So potent was the impression made upon him by the sublimity of the majestic creation, that he sat cowering, oblivious of self, amazed, entranced, his heart thrilled with strange, wonderful inspirations. Hours passed fleet-winged, but he was unconscious of their flight. Removed from the petty interests of earth, the soul rises above space and time. And Dolores sat dumb opposite the man of her love, dumb, solemn, hopeless. For her was not the auriferous light of the sun, not the beatifying splendor of a mighty universe. Her eyes were fixed upon the northwest, all her perceptions centred there.

All at once the storm-lashed clouds parted more widely than they had yet done. Through the cleft a large section of the earth became visible, and with it the shining, serpentine Seine, along one of whose turnings was spread a dark-gray, compact shadow.

"What is that?" cried Victor, pointing to the shadow. "Now it is yonder—yonder, already far, far behind us. Do you see? What is it?"

"Rouen!" said Dolores sententiously.

"Rouen! Impossible! Rouen is five-and-thirty leagues from Paris!"

Dolores silently indicated the sinking sun.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Victor, astonished—"Have I been dreaming? How can it be? The sun is setting!"

"For the Parisians he has already set!" returned Dolores, quickly raising herself. "We must haste to catch his last ray."

Then she cast away a huge quantity of ballast. The balloon forsook the powerful current, and in an incredibly brief period ascended to the giddy altitude of thirteen thousand feet. Veiled with slight, transparent mists, and erect like a gigantic, motley mullein in the Hippodrome and its surroundings resembled myriads of many-colored dots, which, undistinguishable to the eye, were interswarming in kaleidoscopic confusion. The lofty, luxuriant expanses of trees in the garden of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysees, and the Boulogne Park had become lovely little grass-plots, whose bright verdure seemed slowly rising above the ground. The tangled promenades, the highways stretching along the suburbs and the country and crossing each other in the distance, appeared like a delicate tracery of drab and corn-colored bands upon a carpet of sea-green velvet. And the proud Arch of Triumph at the Barriere de l'Etoile, over which the air-ship was then just soaring gracefully, as well as the bold Obelisk of Luxor and the stately dome of the Invalides, all had, from that dizzy height, been reduced to tiny toys.

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THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know,
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the Summer
Lavishes heat;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often,
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven before it comes,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy! sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always,
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Beyond all time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, oh, my darling—
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath.
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

THE DEBUT OF "BLIND TOM;"

OR,

"Mazeppa" Under Difficulties.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HARRY W. CHURCHILL.

Rather a queer title for a story, observes the reader. It is queer, I candidly admit, yet, at the same time, applicable. The word "Mazeppa" would of course at once create an impression in the mind that it bore reference to the well-known and at one time immensely popular equestrian drama of that name, which it in reality does. But then one would very naturally say to himself: "If this should refer to 'Blind Tom,' the celebrated 'cullud pusson' and musical phenomenon, who appears to have the compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, and other great masters at his fingers'-ends, and rattles them off without the slightest apparent effort, what connection can there be with the drama? They certainly didn't strap him to the back of the 'fiery untamed,' and send him up the runs to the inspiring cries of 'Spare rib! shave him!' etc., from the gods of the gallery? Of course not—the idea is preposterous!" If the gentle reader will trouble himself to peruse the following account of an actual occurrence, he will soon be made aware that it is not an "Ethiopian Sketch." The hero of this our true tale, although as dark-skinned as his talented namesake, was in a different line of business altogether. But I will not anticipate, and end my story at the beginning, I perceive.

The time of my story is that when the equestrian or "horse drama," as it was sometimes facetiously termed, was a more popular and better patronized species of amusement than it is at the present day, even when receiving the advantage of a representation within the time-honored walls of "Old Drury," that pride of theatre-going east-siders, with its immense and never-failing resources in the matter of "new and beautiful scenery," "gorgeous paraphernalia," "magnificent costumes," "powerful auxiliary corps," and all the other aids and accessories in this case made and provided. Old Drury, grand old creature! how its screams and shrieks kept up in the wings, he was fairly pushed on to the run, receiving many an admonitory whack the while. He had reached the centre, and there he remained—stolid, immovable; and when he turned his head to the audience, and greeted them with a horse-laugh, nothing meanwhile, after the fashion of a Chinese Mandarin, as if beshould say: "Ladies and gentlen en, circumstances over which I had no control—in fact, I may say *stern* necessity has compelled me to appear before you in a part for which I am not exactly suited. Still I respectfully beg to proceed and perform in this horse-ess. Regard for myself and the precious burden upon my back will deter me from any further attempt to ascend yon 'giddy height'"—the scene, as may be easily imagined, was indescribably ridiculous. The audience were convulsed with laughter; and when a little fellow perched up in the gallery roars out, "Speech! speech!" the climax was capped, and the curtain descended amid a series of blood-curdling yells and screeches that would have reflected credit on a party of savages on the warpath.

I hardly remember now how the piece was ever concluded, but I have a distinct recollection of seeing Miss T—— at the fall of the curtain, clasp her hands and fervently exclaim: "Thank God!" As of course it would be sheer folly to think of playing there on the two nights following, as was originally intended, she, no doubt, considered herself very fortunate in having saved herself pecuniarily.

This happened many years ago, and many members of that company, at that time unknown to fame, have since won honors and fortune in the professional ranks; but I venture to assert that few who witnessed it will forget the remarkable but of "Blind Tom."

110 *Fourth av., Dec.* 31, 1874.

Davy Crockett at Dinner.

The facetious Mr. K. of Ohio used to tell a story in which the eccentric Davy Crockett, Congressman from the wild woods of Tennessee, figured as the hero. The reader is to suppose Davy returned from the first session he had the honor of representing the people in Congress. He is to suppose, further, that Davy had fallen in with a number of his constituents at a raising, and is giving them an account of his visit to the President.

"The first thing I did," said Davy, "after I got to Washington, was to go see the President's. I stepped into the President's house—think's I, who's afeard? *If I didn't I wish I may be d—d.* Says I, Mr. Adams, I am Mr. Crocket, from Tennessee. So, says he, how do you do, Mr. Crocket? and he shook me by the hand, although he know'd I went the whole hog for Jackson. *If I didn't I wish I may be d—d.* Not only that, but sent me a printed ticket to dine with him. I've got it in my pocket yet. *If I haven't I wish I may be d—d.*" (Here the printed ticket was exhibited for the admiration of the whole company.) "I went to dinner," said Davy, "and I walked round the long table, looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat just beside a fat goose. And I helped myself to as much as I wanted. But I hadn't took three bites when I looked away up the table at a man they called *Tash* (attache). He was talking French to a woman on t'other side of the table. He dodged his head, and she dodged hers, and they got to drinking wine across the table. *If they didn't I wish I may be d—d.* But when I looked back again, my plate was gone, goose and all. So I *jist* cast my eyes down to t'other end of the table, and sure enough I seed a white man walking off with my plate. Says I, hallo, Mister, bring back my plate. He fetched it back in a hurry, as you may suppose, and when he set it down before me how do you think it was? Picked as clean as my hand. *If it wasn't I wish I may be d—d.* Says he, what will you have, sir? And says I, you may well say that, after stealing my goose, and he began to laugh. *If he didn't I wish I may be d—d.* Then says I, Mister, laugh if you please, but I don't half like such tricks upon travelers. *If I do I wish I may be d—d.* I then filled my plate with bacon and greens, and whenever I looked up or down the table I held my plate with my left hand. *If I didn't I wish I may be d—d.* When we were all done eating they cleared everything off from the table, and took away the table-cloth; and what do you think? There was another table-cloth under it. *If there wasn't I wish I may be d—d.* Then I saw a man coming along, carrying a great glass thing, with a glass handle below, something like a candlestick. It was stuck full of little glass cups, with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, Mister, bring that thing here. Thinks I, let's taste 'm first. They were mighty sweet and good, and so I took six of them. *If I didn't I wish I may be d—d.*"

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

BONES' TROUBLES,
And How Music Soothed His Savage Breast.

BY J. J. McDERMOTT.

INT.—Bones, where do you spend your evenings now? I never see you around with the boys any more.

BONES.—Well, yah see, de ole 'oman be'n mighty sick. Had bad tech ob de Brown-skeeters.

INT.—The bronchitis, you mean.

BONES.—Yas. An' I had stay home an' look arter her.

INT.—Certainly a very weary occupation for a person of your disposition. Your patience must be pretty well exhausted by this time.

BONES.—Well, de Doctor said dat he had lots ob patients, so I reckon I could fall back on him for some when mine guv out; but I don't reckon as I'll git much ob his, for dis position an' his position am two different positions, an' guess wouldn't hab no use for his patients, for they're ginrally exhausted afo' he gits thro' wid 'em.

INT.—Very true. Indeed, Bones, I sympathize with you. How dreary your evenings must be.

BONES.—Oh, I dunno. Pick de banjo all de time now, and, would you believ it? I kin play dat old banjo now backward wid my left ear.

TAMBO.—Now look a ear, Bones, I tink you'se a lyre.

BONES.—(*Rises and rushes towards Tam*).—Don't say dat sig'in.

INT.—(*Intercepting Bones.*)—Haut-boys, don't fight. Please resume your seat, Bones; and don't be so violin-t: I'll explain all.

BONES.—(*Taking seat.*)—Dat's a putty note—stan' up an' insult a 'spectable gemmen dat way.

INT.—'Twas a misunderstanding. The lyre Tambo refers to is the name of a species of harp used by the ancients to accompany their poetical compositions, and not a person who tells lies, as you understood it.

TAMBO.—Yes; Bones is alwus harpin' on what he kin do, anyway; comes round tryin' git fellows on de string, an' all like dat.

BONES.—But dat aint as bad as what you tole dat gal o' yourn.

TAMBO.—What gal?

BONES.—Viola, de one wid de fluted petticoat, dat drums on de pianner all de time, an' cant play de fust note on de bar.

TAMBO.—But she kin beat you on dat little game. (*To Int.*)—Bones went ober on de Bowery t'other night; had a bad fifty-cent stamp; tried it on a blind Dutchman for a horn, an' accord(i)on to what I heard de Dutchman's wife ketched him, an' dat's de las' note he's try to play on any bar.

INT.—Well, Bones, I'm surprised that so sharp a man as you could be ensnared in that manner. (*To Tam.*)—So, Tambo, you've got a girl, eh?

TAMBO.—Yes, indeed. But she's mighty strong-minded. Went to kiss her t'other night an' she fetched me one 'longside de head—knocked me flat.

INT.—Oh, that was merely a symbol of her affection for you.

TAMBO.—Dunno, but I got de most affection, and she got ——

INT.—What?

TAMBO.—Arrested.

INT.—You surely don't mean to assert that you had the frail creature ruthlessly torn from her domicile?

TAMBO.—Yas, sir.

BONES.—Why was she then like Tambo?

INT. AND TAM.—Give it up.

BONES.—Kase she was colored (collared).

INT. AND TAM.—Oh!

INT.—We will now be pleased to hear

O SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS MAMIE GALLAGHER,
BY H. ALSTON DALEY.—E. G.)

O sing once more that loving strain,
The sweetest note of thine;
O tell that tale of joy again,
Nor heed this sigh of mine.
It speaks of happier days gone by,
But ah! young Love was vain;
My pretty maid, heed not my sigh,
But sing that song again.

Chorus.—O sing that song again,
Just sing once more that sweet refrain,
Nor heed this sigh of mine.
Just breathe a little word for me,
One word or full of meaning,
And let our sweet affections be
Blessed by the stars above.
O tell me that you'll ne'er regret
The giving up of me;
For in my heart they linger yet,
Enshrined in words of gold.

Chorus.—O sing that song again, etc.

O sing that song once more—
Sweet thoughts of your pure mind—
Just as you did in days of yore,
Your name about me wreathed;
And while your voice is breathing low,
My heart shall know no pain;
Sweet maid, my love you ne'er can know,
But sing that song again.

Chorus.—O sing that song again, etc.

Brooklyn, January, 1875.

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MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT KEAN RIOT AT BOSTON IN 1825.

The two following bills are of much interest as belonging to a period of great theatrical excitement not only in Boston, but in every American city where Mr. Kean the elder then attempted to make his appearance. In New York and Philadelphia violent demonstrations were made against him at the commencement of his engagements, but they died out or were overcome, and his performances terminated peacefully and successfully; but in Boston, where he had originally offended in 1821 (by refusing to appear when advertised, in consequence of a slim house), he was never pardoned, and never again permitted to perform.

BOSTON THEATRE.

The managers respectfully announce to the public that they have made an arrangement with

MR. KEAN

for four nights, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Monday next being the only nights he can have the honor of appearing before them, on account of his engagements at the South.

THIS EVENING, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21, 1825,
will be presented the celebrated tragedy, in 5 acts, called
RICHARD THE THIRD.
Richard (his first appearance in Boston these 4 years), ... Mr. Kean

King Henry	Mr. Kilner
Richmond	Mr. Finn
Buckingham	Mr. Williamson
Prince Edward	Miss Clarke
Duke of York	Miss Charnock
Lord Stanley	Mr. Clarke
Lord Mayor	Mr. Brown
Lieutenant	Mr. Spear
Tressell	Mr. Johnson
Tyrrel

HOW BENDIGO THE PUGILIST WAS CONVERTED.

Concerning the manner in which William Thompson, better known as "Bendigo," ex-champion pugilist of England, was convinced of the error of his ways and converted to Christianity, *The London (Eng.) Telegraph* of a recent date contains the following, which purports to be the story as told by Bendigo himself to his interviewer: "About two years ago I was, as I had often been before, imprisoned at Nottingham for assault. Twice a day on Sunday we had to go to chapel to hear the parson. I did not care much for listening to such things in general, but somehow this Sunday I did. When I say somehow, I mean I couldn't but do it. It was just in my line. It was about the set-to between David and Goliath. And when the parson began to talk about the big 'un—how tall he was, and how broad and strong—I was all the time picturing him as being a man after the style of the big 'un I had fought three times—Ben Caunt, that was—and wondering how I should have got on in a stand-up with Goliath. Well, the parson went on and told us about the little 'un—about David, and about his pluckin facing the giant, though he had only a sling and a stone to tackle him with. When he came to describe the fight I listened with all my might, quite lost myelf listening; and when it came to the wind-up and David floored the giant and killed him, without thinking that I was in chapel, and that it was against the rules to say a word, I bawls out, 'Brayvo! I'm glad the little 'un won.' It was very wrong, and, what made it worse for me, all the prisoners and the warders burst out laughing. The parson he turned away, but I could tell by the move of his shoulders that he was laughing too, which perhaps made it a little better. They thought it was a joke of mine, but it wasn't. I took to it too serious for joking, and when I got to my cell and was quiet I kep' thinking about it, and about how somebody must have helped little David to lick the giant with his sword and armor, and about them old times when I used to ask that I might win the fight, that I might keep my old mother out of the workhouse. Well, it was as sin'glar as though it was done on purpose. The very next Sunday the parson preached another sermon, which seemed hitting at me harder than the one the week before. It was all about the three men, Shadrach, Meshech, and Bendigo, who was cast into the fiery furnace, and who was saved by the Lord from being burnt. Oh, yes, I've heard about that since; it wasn't exactly Bendigo who was third man; but the name sounded like it to me, and I took it as such, though I didn't say anything to anybody. 'If one Bendigo can be saved, why not another?' I said to myself; and I thought about it a great deal more than anybody there thought, I'll wager. If I'd have thought I might have told 'em that the sermons was got up for me. It really seemed so. Sunday after Sunday I looked out for something about me in the sermon, and there it always was. After the one about the fiery furnace, came one about the twelve fishermen. Now, I'm a fisherman myself. Bless you! I should rather think I was, one of the best in England. I've won lots of prizes, and got a fishing-rod that Mr. Walter of *The Times* give me. Well, after that come another sermon about the 700 left-handed men in the Book of Judges; and I am a left-handed man. Of course I am. It was that what beat the knowing ones I have had to stand up against. Well, it was this always going on that made me make up my mind to turn as soon as ever I got out. It was on a Thursday, and in the Winter, and when was let out at the jail-door there was my old friends kindly come to meet me. 'Come along, Bendy, old boy,' they said; 'we've got something to eat and something to drink for you all ready. Come along.' But I had made up my mind, and wasn't to be shook; so I turned round and I ses, 'Look here, I never will eat or drink along with you nor along with any man in a public-house again as long as I live. I've done with it.' They looked at each other, I can tell you. They couldn't make it out. But there was one man amongst 'em named Waters, and he said, 'Bendy, will you come along with me? I'm going to Beeston.' And I knew if I went with him I should be all right, and I went. And there I met another friend who wished me well, and said he, 'Bendy, what do you say to coming to the hall to-night and hear Undaunted Dick?' 'Who's he?' says I; 'I never heard of him.' 'It's Dick Weaver,' says he, 'a collier chap that was once in a bad way, but who is now converted and turned preacher.' 'Aye,' said I, 'I'll go and hear him; he's one of my own sort;' and I went, and I set on the platform, and there I could hear 'em—'Why, how's this? There's Bendigo up there.' 'Look, look! there's old Bendy.' But I took no notice; only sat quiet and listened. Well, next night I was there again, and heard what did me go'd more than ever. It was bad weather and snowing hard, and I had to make my way home late at night across a park; and when I was half across I couldn't hold out any longer. So in the dark and with the snow coming down, I went on my knees and prayed as well as I knowed how, and when I got up I felt a new man. I didn't quite go without sin; I had one half-fight between then and Sunday, and then I went to the chapel again and on to the platform, and, in the face of everybody who was there, I knelt down and told 'em how I was changed, and how that nothing should tempt me to go wrong again; and I've kept my word, and I mean to go on keeping it. Ever since that time not a drop of beer or spirits has passed my lips, and I never felt healthier, or stronger, or more lively than I do now. I've tried the right road now for two years, but I aint much of a hand at preaching as yet, because I can't read; but I'm learning as fast as I can, and then I shall get on better."

Thompson was born on the 11th of October, 1811, and is now in the sixty-fourth year of his age; stands 5 feet 9½ inches in height, and is said to be still as straight as a dart. Of the more prominent members of the British prize ring, few were more uniformly successful than Bendigo, who lost but one out of seventy battles, and that one (with Ben Caunt, whom he twice defeated) was decided against him because he committed foul by falling without a blow. Among the men of note whom he defeated, besides Caunt, were Deaf Burke and Tom Paddock, the latter being his last opponent in the ring. The fight took place June 5, 1850. When in liquor Bendigo was very quarrelsome, and for a number of years prior to the period of his conversion he was a terror to the peaceably-disposed citizens of Nottingham, committing frequent assaults and passing the greater part of his time in the lock-up.

Mr. WOPSLE'S FIRST APPEARANCE as HAMLET

No author ever understood the details of stage business better than the lamented Charles Dickens, and it has always been maintained by those competent to judge that if he had joined the profession in his youth he would have ultimately ranked as a star, and won that fame as an actor which he acquired as an author. In "Nicholas Nickelby" the life of a provincial actor is portrayed with wonderful humor and pathos; and we have no reason to doubt the adventures of Vincent Crummles paved the way for Mitchell's great success on this side of the Atlantic, when the little Olympic was crowded nightly to witness "The Savage and the Maiden." The description of Mr. Wopsle as Hamlet (a clerical gentleman from the rural districts, who makes his first appearance at a London theatre with a firm determination to regenerate the drama) is one of the most spicy and humorous chapters we ever had the pleasure of reading.

Any work of Dickens', like those of the immortal Shakespeare, will bear perusing again and again, for the soil never becomes barren, and new beauties are constantly discovered, rewarding conscious of this fact, we select from Dickens' "Great Expectations" Mr. Wopsle's Hamlet for the amusement of our readers:

"On our arrival in Denmark, we found the King and Queen of that country elevated in two armchairs, on a kitchen table, holding a court. The whole of the Danish nobility were in attendance, consisting of a noble boy in the shadow of a curtain, who was his ancestor; a venerable Peer, with a dirty face, who seemed to have risen from the people late in life; and the Danish chivalry, with a comb in its hair and a pair of white silk legs, and presenting on the whole a feminine appearance. My gifted townsman stood gloomily apart with folded arms, and I could have wished that his curls and forehead had been more probable. Several curious little circumstances transpired as the action proceeded. The late King of the country not only appeared to have been troubled with a cough at the time of his decease, but to have taken it with him to the tomb, and to have brought it back. The royal phantom also carried a ghostly manuscript round its truncheon, to which it had the appearance of occasionally referring, and that, too, with an air of anxiety and a tendency to lose the place of reference which were suggestive of a state of mortality. I conceive, myself, that I led to the Shade's being advised by the gallery to 'turn over'—a recommendation which it took extremely ill. It was likewise to be noted of this majestic spirit that, whereas it always appeared with an air of having been out a long time and walked an immense distance, it perceptibly came from a closely contiguous wall. This occasioned its terrors to be received derisively. The Queen of Denmark, a very buxom lady, though no doubt historically brazen, was considered by the public to have too much brass about her, her chin being attached to her disdem by a broad band of that metal (as if she had a gorgeous toothache), her waist being encircled by another, and each of her arms by another, so that she was openly mentioned as 'the kettledrum.' The noble boy in the ancestral boots was inconsistent, representing himself, as it were, in one breath as an able seaman, a strolling actor, a gravedigger, a clergyman, and a person of the utmost importance at a court fencing match, on the authority of whose practiced eye and nice discrimination the finest points were judged. This gradually led to a want of toleration for him, and even on his being detected in holy orders, and declining to perform the funeral service, in the general indignation, taking the form of nuts. Lastly, Ophelia was a prey to such slow musical madness that, when in course of time she had taken off her white muslin scarf, folded it up, and buried it, a sulky man, who had been long cooling his impatient nose against an iron bar in the front row of the gallery, growled: 'Now the baby's put to bed, let's have supper!' which, to say the least of it, was out of keeping. Upon my unfortunate townsman all these incidents accumulated with playful effect. Whenever that undecided Prince had to ask a question or state a doubt, the public helped him out with it. As for example, on the question whether it was nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared 'Yes' and some 'No,' and some, inclining to both opinions, said 'Toss up for it;' and quite a debating society arose. When he asked what should such fellows as he do crawling between earth and heaven, he was encouraged with loud cries of 'Hear, hear!' When he appeared with his stocking disordered, its disorder expressed according to usage by one very neat fold in the top, which I suppose to be always got up with a flat iron), a conversation took place in the gallery respecting the paleness of his leg, and whether it was occasioned by the tights or the ghost had given him. On his taking the recorders—very like a little black flute that had just been played in the orchestra and handed out at the door—he was called upon unanimously for 'Rule Britannia.' When he recommended the players not to saw the air thus, the sulky man said, 'And don't you do it neither; you're a deal worse than him.'" And I grieve to add that peals of laughter greeted Mr. Wopsle on every one of these occasions. But his greatest trials were in the churchyard, which had the appearance of a primeval forest, with a kind of small ecclesiastical wash-house on one side and a turnpike gate on the other. Mr. Wopsle, in a comprehensive black cloak, being described entering at the turnpike, the gravedigger was admonished in a friendly way: 'Look out! Here's the undertaker a-coming to see how you're getting on with your work!' I believe it is well known in a constitutional country that Mr. Wopsle could not possibly have returned the skull after moralizing over it without dusting his fingers on a white napkin taken from his breast; but even that innocent and indispensable action did not pass without the comment 'Wai-ter!' The arrival of the body for interment (in an empty box, with the lid tumbling open) was the signal for a general joy, which was much enhanced by the discovery among the bearers of an individual obnoxious to identification. The joy attended Mr. Wopsle through his struggle with Laertes on the brink of the orchestra and the grave, and slackened no more until he had tumbled the King off the kitchen-table and had died by inches from the ankles upward."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY JOHN W. HUNT.

Who has not in the days of youth
Experienced that ecstatic bliss—
'Side which all other joys grow pale—
Occasioned by love's first sweet kiss?

When first the loving, trusting maid,
Shall notions of the prude dismiss,
And, resting in your fond embrace,
Blushing yield love's first sweet kiss—

What mortal man in this wide world
Could more desire than this?
What better proves a trusting heart
Than love's first little kiss?

Then, all you discontented men,
Who home and comforts miss,
Take my advice and seek your fate,
And with it love's first kiss.

ANOTHER MINISTER AND HIS LADY ORGANIST GO ASTRAY.

Our readers have already had an inkling and an outline of the ministerial scandal which now disturbs the moral atmosphere of Grand Rapids. The facts have been withheld from the public by the press of this city in charity to a most estimable lady, the wife of the scoundrel who has betrayed her confidence and disgraced one of the highest callings in the walks of life. The Rev. Dr. Richmond Fisk Jr. is an educated minister of the Universalist persuasion, and at the time of "the fall" was permanently located in this city, doing God-service for the Universalist cause in behalf of a large and respectable congregation. He was regarded as a talented and finished scholar, and highly esteemed by a large circle of admiring friends; but the mysteries of his power at last became revealed to them, and its charm was broken, and he fell from his exalted position to a grade lower than the common man. His victim, or rather the willing sharer of "the forbidden fruit," was a young woman named Mica Mason, who held the position of organist in his church, and enjoyed a lucrative place as distributing clerk in the postoffice of this city. How long these disgraceful relations have existed between them of course is unknown, but it is supposed to have been of no short duration.

Miss Mason was boarding in a Congregational family of high respectability, where her pastor, the Rev. Fisk, often called under the pretext of consulting her upon some new piece of church-music, etc. So frequent and prolonged were his visits that the hired girl entertained some doubts as to the character and nature of the musical pieces they pretended to be occupying their time in preparing; and it was during the arrangement of their last piece that the servant-girl's suspicions were confirmed. She happened to pass by a window that opened into the room where these two unfledged angels were sipping the nectar of each other's existence, when she beheld a light she probably never saw before,—the shepherd and the sheep straying from the fold; or, in biblical terms, "the lion and the lamb lying down together." Miss Mason observed that they had an observer, but, mistaking the servant-girl for a lady who lived next door, she wrote a note to the lady, begging her to "keep mum." The epistle was an enigma to the receiver, who exhibited it to others for an explanation, and thus Miss Mason, by her own hand, revealed a fact which might otherwise have remained a secret for many months, as the hired girl had no intention of exposing her. Of course they could not hide their guilt, nor excuse their crime, but, hastily gathering up their ruined effects, each fled the country—Miss Mason fleeing to Massachusetts, to breathe the pure, regenerating air of the old Pay State, and the Reverend Fisk to the auriferous fields of the West, whence he wrote the following acknowledgment without date:

TO THE PUBLIC.—I frankly confess to the fearful sin of which I am charged, and will not be cowardly enough to lie or seek a palliation of my weakness and guilt. I can crave the pity and compassion of the world I have offended, and the forgiveness which my sincere and profound repentance before God and man calls for. I have returned my letter of fellowship to the denomination which I have so grievously stricken, and abandoned the profession which I have so deplorably stained. May God and man pity and forgive me, and aid me to do some humble work yet in life for the good of society. I am no coward, or so weak as to make Adam's plea that a woman did it. It was my own weak and unguarded soul that in a moment of frenzy and passion wrought my downfall. In penitence and unutterable sorrow, R. FISK JR.

SHE WANTED IT IN RED TYPE.

Soon after noon yesterday a very fat woman, "going on fifty years old," toiled up the four pair of stairs, rested her breath awhile, and then wanted to see the "head reporter."

"I'm all alone in this world," she commenced, as she sat down and pulled out her handkerchief.

"A widow, eh?" queried the head reporter.

"Yes, a poor, striving widder, whose husband has been dead these fourteen years."

"Death is a sad thing, madam. It crushes hopes, severs ties and breaks hearts."

"He was such a good man!" she sobbed, covering her face with her handkerchief, "and such a good provider. We allers had meat, and 'taters, and wood, and preserves; and, do you know, he never gave me an unkind word?"

"He must have been an excellent man."

"He was—that he was. He'd git up nights and cover up the children and shake down the stove, and if his meals wasn't ready, or he found buttons off his shirt, he'd never open his head."

"And your grief is yet strong—your sorrow just as deep?"

"Just the same as the day he lay dyin' and took my hand and whispered: 'Cortilda, don't take on so.' Yes, I'm grieving just the same, or I wouldn't care what folks said. That's what brought me up here—folks are talking about me."

"They are, eh?"

"Yes, they are. They've said that I was after a widower; that I fell in love with one of the boarders; that I was keeping up correspondence with an undertaker, and that I was dead in love with a dozen men."

"And is it not true?"

"True, young man! Look at me! Great Heavens! do I look like one who wanted to get married?"

"Well, n-o-."

"How could I marry again!" she exclaimed. "How could I forget that dear form beneath the sod and smile on another man? Marry! Great stars! young man, but how could they start such stories?"

"And you want them denied?"

"That's it. Here's ten cents, and I want you to come out in to-morrow's paper a piece so long and say that I'll prosecute these slanderers if these stories don't cease. Put it in red type, mister—in red type, and big letters at that; a Detroit widder can't escape the vile slanderers, no matter how well she behaves. I marry again—think of it, young man!"

"But a widow often does marry a widower."

"Alars! they do, young man. Sumhow it seems lonesome to be a widder, and have no one to defend you, and be all alone, but—but I couldn't think of taking another husband—*not unless he was rich!*"

And she wiped her eyes again and felt her way downstairs.—*Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.*

OUTRAGE AND MURDER.

On the 20th inst., a terrible crime, committed within the garrison of Purfleet, came to light, creating the utmost consternation amongst the inhabitants of that quiet little place. So shocking were the details that were rumored that at first it was hoped that the reports would prove to be unfounded, but unfortunately the facts soon became authenticated, and it then transpired that a girl of six years of age had been outraged, and subsequently barbarously murdered. A short time ago a man named Richard Coote, a young sergeant of the Royal Artillery, was promoted to the post of schoolmaster to the school attached to the Purfleet garrison for the education of the children of soldiers. Among these children were Alice Boughen, aged six years, and her little brother James, the children of Gunner James Boughen, servant to Capt. Wood, commandant of the garrison. The children went to school, as usual, at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the 9th inst., and a little before three the little girl Alice left the room. Soon afterwards she was followed by the schoolmaster, who, it was observed by the children, did not return to the school until half-past three. Soon after that hour he dismissed the pupils, and handed Alice Boughen's bonnet and jacket to her brother, telling him that her sister had gone out and could not be found. The child went home, and on the return of his father to his quarters, about an hour afterwards, every inquiry and search were made for the missing girl, but without success. In the evening Captain Wood ordered a considerable number of his men out, and every rivulet in the district was dragged, the inquiry being extended to Aveley, but up to a late hour no tidings of the lost one could be obtained. At three the following morning, at Sergeant Odam's residence, Purfleet-terrace, more, had the papers to show that she had a right to the child, the Court having given her possession when the divorce was granted. There was a stormy scene for a short time, as the grandparents had come to think a great deal of the little fellow, and did not like to part with him; but the mother, having the law on her side, was allowed to depart in peace. Yet, before leaving, the better nature of the old folks prevailed, and she was invited to stay a few days and make them a visit, but, fearing trouble from the boy's father, she thought best not to tarry, and returned to the hotel, intending to take the first train East, which would be Monday morning. A telegram was sent to the boy's father by the old folks, to notify him of the circumstances, which brought him down on the first train, when there was another stormy scene, which brought out the particulars of the abduction, and terminated in the above compromise. Some time last Spring Mrs. Jones sued for and was granted a divorce from her husband, Wm. E. Jones (both living in New Haven, Ct., at the time, on the grounds of—well, we will skip that, seeing how it has terminated), the Court giving the mother possession of the child. Jones visited the mother and child frequently during the Summer, and occasionally took the boy out for a walk. About the middle of November last he called for Willie to take a short walk, and that was the last the mother saw of her boy until found as above; and we hope the matter has been so amicably adjusted that she may never have another such journey for her boy.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Press.*

SHOCKING OUTRAGE ON A WOMAN.

At the Liverpool Assizes, Lord Durham, 20, and Crompton Shepherd, 16, were indicted for the murder of a woman, name unknown, near Blackburn. They were also indicted for committing a felonious assault upon the same woman, and Mr. Justice Mellor directed that the latter indictment should be proceeded with. The offense was proved by several companions of the prisoners, who said they were present at the time, and "did not see any harm in what was being done to the woman, but thought it was a bit of fun." His lordship, when a boy named Slater had given no answer to this effect, indignantly exclaimed: I want to knew how it is possible, in a Christian country like England, that there should be such a state of feeling, even among boys of 13, 16 and 18 years of age. It is outrageous. If there are missionaries wanted for the heathen, there are heathen in England who require teaching a great deal more than those abroad." (Murmurs of "Hear, hear," from the jury-box, and applause in court.) His lordship continued: "Silence! It is quite shocking to hear boys of this age come up and say these things." The evidence showed that the woman had been left lying in a field where the outrage took place, and died from cold and exposure. In summing up his lordship said in the course of his address he was astounded to hear that in any part of Lancashire men finding a drunken woman in the road or in the street sent out to their accomplices or friends to come and see the sport, as if they had got a wild animal turned out, a badger, or something of that sort, which was to be the subject of sport to the persons who were to come; and yet they were to be told in a court of justice that they had no reason to believe that the woman was not a consenting party. It is difficult to imagine that in any other part of the country a number of fellows—ten or twelve—could see a woman, miserable and wretched, and almost naked, carried about from place to place and made their victim. It was shocking to humanity. It was an outrage upon civilization. His lordship having commented on the evidence and explained the law on the subject, the prisoners were found guilty and sentenced each to fifteen years' penal servitude.—*London Sundey (Eng.) Times*, Dec. 20.

REFUSED TO HAVE THE KNOT TIED.—Thursday week two lovers took passage on the afternoon train from this city to Philadelphia for the avowed purpose of being united in wedlock. On their arrival in Philadelphia a messenger was dispatched to Camden to secure the services of a certain preacher whom they desired to officiate. At 8:30 o'clock the loving pair appeared before the reverend gentleman and announced themselves ready to take the "new departure" into the state of matrimony. The minister was required either by the law of his State or the regulation of his church to keep a correct and complete record of the names of all parties married, also their real age, their nativity, the full names and age and nativity of their parents. The ceremonies commenced in due time; the intended bridegroom answered all questions promptly. To the question how old are you? he replied twenty-five years. The intended bride answered all questions until she was asked her age. This question she pointblank refused to answer, whereupon she was politely informed by the officiating preacher that he could not proceed further unless she would give a correct answer to the question. She paused for a few minutes and then responded, "I am thirty-one years of age!" This unexpected announcement seemed to surprise the intended bridegroom, and apparently with great feeling he stated that her mother positively declared that she was twenty-six, and as he was twenty-five he considered this an attempt to deceive him, and after further discussion and considering the situation he finally decided not to marry any woman who was so much older than himself, and who had tried to deceive him.—*Wilmington (Del.) Republican.*

A FAITHLESS WIFE CAUGHT.—Certain South-end circles are agitated over the disgrace that has fallen upon a married lady who loved not wisely, but altogether too much. It seems for a long while the wife had been under surveillance by the husband. They are both members of South-end society, and occupy a swell-front house in H—— street. The husband, who shall be nameless at present, intimated at the breakfast table, one morning recently, that he would go to New York that evening, and he proceeded to his office as usual, leaving his wife in full belief of his intentions. He, however, did not go to New York, but merely resorted to this ruse to serve his own purpose. Proceeding about half past 12 to his home, he let himself in by a latch-key, and went directly to his wife's chamber. Judge of his astonishment upon beholding a man in his accustomed place, and the pair asleep. He then, without awakening them, proceeded to the nearest police-station, related his discovery to the captain in attendance, and the latter gave the husband two trustworthy officers. The three proceeded to the injured husband's home. With the assistance of the two officers the husband had no difficulty in turning the naughty pair into the street then and there. The Lothario's name is supposed to be Davis. There is great excitement at the South End at the present time. It is the principal theme of conversation, for until now the wife was thought to be a model woman in every respect. Here the matter rests.—*Boston (Mass.) Herald*, Jan. 8.

TRIGGER.

CHICAGO PIGEON-SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

The pigeon-shooting tournament at Dexter Park, Chicago, under the personal management of Mr. George Mansur, the proprietor, commenced on Monday, Dec. 28, and terminated on Saturday, Jan. 2. It proved a decided success, and the sport only closed in consequence of the supply of birds giving out. The weather was fine throughout, and this asserted a prejudicial effect on the attendance. All the competitors in the tournament were local knights of the trigger, with the exception of Lord Masareene, who, it will be remembered, was in some degree associated with the Irish rifle team in their recent visit to America. The tournament was confined to sweepstakes-shooting, except a couple of matches between John Kleinman and Al. Hankins, for $40 each match. Kleinman won the first match, in which the rise was 21 yards each, by a score of 4 to 1; but in the second match, in which Hankins shot at 21 yards rise and Kleinman at 26 yards, there was a tie, each killing 4 birds, Hankins proving the winner by a score of 4 to 3 in the shoot off.

In the first sweepstakes there were six entries at $5 each, the money being divided in the proportion of fifty, thirty and twenty per cent, among the winner and second and third best shots. The shooting was at five birds each, 21 yards rise, 1½ ounce shot, and 80 yards boundary. It resulted as under:

Abe Kleinman	5	G. C. Sherman	4
Al. Hankins	4	John Kleinman	3
W. B. Johnson	3	Al. Hankins	2

In the shoot-off for the second prize, Hankins and J. Kleinman tied and divided, and Johnson beat Hankins for the third prize.

For the second sweepstakes there were eight entries at $5 each, with the subjoined result:

J. Kleinman	5	W. B. Johnson	5
Abe Kleinman	4	G. C. Sherman	2
Lord Masareene	4	Al. Hankins	2
W. D. Sampson	4	Ed. Price	1

In the shoot-off for first money Al Hankins won, and Abe Kleinman took second prize; W. D. Sampson won the latter.

There were thirteen entries in the third sweepstakes at $5 each, which resulted as under:

C. H. Felton	5	Abe Kleinman	5
W. T. Johnson	5	Ed. Price	5
G. C. Sherman	4	J. F. Welch	3
W. Garrett	4	Geo. Hinman	3
J. J. Kleinman	4	W. D. Sampson	4
H. Mulligan	3	Lord Masareene	3
Al. Hankins	3		

Messrs. Felton and Hankins tied on three birds each in shooting off, and divided first money. Abe Kleinman, killing three straight birds in shooting off for second money, won, and Lord Masareene, who killed the same number, took the third prize.

On Saturday, Dec. 29, the first contest was for a sweepstakes of $5 each, with five entries, which was won by T. L. Parkinson after tieing on 5 birds each with John J. Kleinman and J. W. Grant. In the next sweepstakes there were ten entries, in which H. H. Kleinman and A. H. Bogardus tied on five birds each; and again tied on three birds each, and then agreed to divide. F. L. Judd won the second money after tieing on 4 birds with Parkinson, Abe Kleinman, Grant and Bates, and on 3 birds with A. Kleinman, J. A. Ruble winning the money. The next sweepstakes had 13 entries, and was won by Abe Kleinman after tieing with Bogardus, Welch, Donald and H. F. Kleinman, on 5 birds, and again with Welch on 3 birds. Bates and Ruble tied on 4 for the second money, and again on 3, and then divided. Al. Hankins and the three Kleinmans tied on 4 birds. In shooting off, H. H. Kleinman and J. Creighton tied on 3 birds each; and again, in shooting off, H. H. Kleinman won. Bogardus and Bates divided the third money.

On Wednesday, Dec. 30, the eighth sweepstakes of the tournament had 14 entries, and was won by Al. Hankins, after tieing on 4 with Abe and H. H. Kleinman, and on 3 with A. Kleinman. J. J. Kleinman and Bates divided the second money, and J. A. Creighton and J. W. Grant the third money. The ninth sweepstakes had 16 entries, and for it Abe Kleinman, Bogardus, Johnson and Decker tied on 5 birds. In shooting off, Kleinman and Bogardus again tied on 3 birds each, and then divided first money. Blackstock won second money, after tieing on 4 birds each with Hankins, H. and J. Kleinman, Walsh Bates, Sammis, Welch, Grant and Judd; and again with Welch. Grant and J. Kleinman in the second shoot-off. Ruble and Kinney divided third money.

On the fourth day, Thursday, Dec. 31, there were 17 entries for the sweepstakes of $10 each, at 10 birds, Capt. Bogardus and J. F. Welch killed all their 10 birds and divided first money. A. Kleinman, H. Hand, and S. D. Parkinson tied on 9 each for the second money; and in shooting it off A. Kleinman and Parkinson again tied and divided the money. Judd won third prize after tieing on eight birds with Johnson, J. Kleinman and Sherman. A similar sweepstakes of $10 each, with 17 entries, five birds each, resulted in a tie for first money between Begardus, G. Farnsworth, Parkinson, A. Kleinman, Grant, and with Bates. In shooting off, Bogardus, Farnsworth and A. Kleinman again tied on 3 birds each; then Bogardus and Farnsworth tied, and the former won on the final shoot-off. J. J. Kleinman won second money, and Welch the third cash.

On the fifth day, Friday, Jan. 1, the twelfth sweepstakes had 17 entries, at $5 each, 5 birds. Bogardus, Abe Kleinman and J. A. Ruble tied by killing all their birds. They then shot off at 26yds. rise, at 3 birds each, and again they tied by killing all their birds. A rise of 31yds. was then agreed upon, and Ruble won by killing 2 out of 3. The winner is a very promising young shot, and his victory over his experienced professional opponents was loudly applauded. For second money, J. J. Kleinman, Sherman, Decker, Judd, H. H. Kleinman, Bates and Grant tied on 4 birds each; at 26yds., Decker, Sherman, and H. H. Kleinman tied on 3 birds straight; and at 31yds., Sherman killed 2 out of 3, and won. Fenn won third money after three ties with Welch. The thirteenth sweepstakes had 17 entries, and Bogardus tied with J. J. Kleinman on 5 birds each, and divided. Ruble won the second money after tieing with Welch, H. W. Sherman, J. C. Sherman, Parkinson and Fenn, and twice afterwards with J. C. Sherman. Abe Kleinman won third money. A $20 sweepstakes, at twenty birds, with the three Kleinmans, Bogardus, Welch, G. C. Sherman, and Parkinson, could not be decided on Jan. 2 for lack of birds, and a freeze-out sweepstakes of $10 each, eight entries, concluded the sport of the tournament. Welch, Bogardus, and Abe Kleinman had killed 5 each, when the supply of birds gave out, and they divided the stake.

TOURNAMENT IN OHIO.

A pigeon-shooting tournament was held at Lancaster, O., on Jan. 1 and 2, which attracted the crack shots of Pittsburg, Zanesville, Circleville, and other cities. The first day's shooting was for a purse and stake of $180, divided into $100 for the winner, $50 for the second, and $30 for the third; entrance, $7 each. There were 21 contestants, at 10 birds each, 25 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, and 1¼ ounce shot, Western shooting rules to govern. We give the score:

F. Hamilton, Lancaster	9	C. Creed, Lancaster	7
W. Davidson, Lancaster	8	H. Worth, Lancaster	7
J. Clark, Pittsburg	8	C. Hope, Somerset	6
J. Dunkle, Pittsburg	7	H. Methoff, Lancaster	6
F. Schaeffer, Lancaster	6	E. Himrod, Circleville	6
H. Perry, Lancaster	6	T. Gallagher, Reform	5
D. Gifford, Lancaster	5	J. R. Watson, Williamsport	5
A. Van Hyde, Circleville	4	W. Rocky, Lancaster	4
J. Ingraham, Zanesville	4	G. See, Lancaster	4
W. Peters, Lancaster	4	G. Brasee, Lancaster	2
J. R. Jones, Circleville	4		

The first prize was awarded to Mr. Frank Hamilton, and the ties for second and third money divided.

On the second day, the prize was a Parker-loader, the value of $100, six birds each, ten entries. The shooting resulted as under:

F. Schaeffer, Lancaster	5	R. Himrod, Circleville	5
H. Worth, Lancaster	4	J. Clark, Pittsburg	4
E. Camp, Lancaster	4	F. Hamilton, Lancaster	3
J. Miller, Lancaster	3	C. Shaeffer, Lancaster	2
J. Jones, Circleville	2	C. Hope, Somerset	2

In shooting off the tie between F. Schaeffer and E. Himrod, at five mere birds, the former killed all of his birds in fine style, and won the gun, Himrod killing four and missing one.

BOGARDUS AND PAINE.—This match still hangs fire, owing to sickness in the family of Captain Bogardus, which prevents his coming East to shoot on the 9th inst., as intended. He hopes to be able to shoot at an early date.

BASEBALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL SEASON OF 1874.
EIGHTH ARTICLE.

The Play and the Players.

BASE-PLAYING AND BASEMEN.

Before commencing on others of the infielders besides the catcher and pitcher, we propose giving fielders a little needed advice about their obeying the signals of the pitcher given when the batter desires them to move in closer, go out farther, or to go more to the right or left of their regular positions for any special object that he may have in view in the way of strategic play. We noticed frequently last season that Spalding, Mathews, McBride and Cummings were alike unable to get their fielders to move as they signaled them to do. While outfielders, and also infielders, may be pretty good judges of the style of play of any particular batsman, and know what to do in regard to changing their positions in the field to suit the special style of hitting of this, that or the other batsman, still they cannot know what object the pitcher may have in view in requiring a change of position on the part of any particular fielder; and therefore, whatever opinion they may have of the play of any batsman, they should invariably look up the pitcher as he directs, and not as they themselves think best. When the pitcher does not signal for a change of position, then the fielders can use their own discretion. But when he does signal them, the directions should be *implicitly obeyed*. This obedience, it should be borne in mind, does not reflect at all upon the judgment of the fielders in the matter of change of position, because the pitcher may have a special point to play, of which the outfielder or infielder directed can know nothing. He assumes the responsibility of the act; and if the point played falls of success, it is the pitcher's fault, and not that of the fielder. But if when the pitcher signals a fielder to move, and he fails to obey, then the failure is chargeable to the fielder. It is seldom that an intelligent, common-sense player refuses to obey the signals of the pitcher. It is the touchy, egotistical ones, who are continually thinking that they know better than anyone else in such cases, who become conspicuous in this matter. While the captain of the nine is the man solely in command of the team, he should give his men to understand that the pitcher has also a certain amount of power in requiring obedience to his behests during actual play. Of course, it depends a great deal upon who is the captain and who the pitcher. In some cases the pitcher is the better-posted man; in others the catcher would be the abler lieutenant. But, generally speaking, the captain should allow the pitcher considerable license in the important matter of placing his field as he wants it placed for special points of play in pitching. An instance of this occurred in actual play last season on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn. Two first-class pitchers were in position, and were playing strategic points to the best of their ability. The pitcher of the visiting nine realized that his batting adversaries were hitting him with rather more confidence than he thought they should do; and finding that one or two were disposed to go in for three-base hits, while another set were content to strive for a single base, he began to arrange his field accordingly, and to deliver to both sets of batsmen the balls that would apparently suit their special style of hitting. To do this effectually he of course had the best assistance of the fielders; and when the heavy hitters came in he signaled his outfielders to go out farther, and when the single-base hitters were at the bat he signaled them to come in. In neither case was he obeyed; in fact, in one instance the out fielder came in closer when he should have stood out farther, and *vice versa*. The result was a home-run in one inning, and safe hits to right field in two others. When the inning was over and the players were asked why they did not obey the signal, their reply was to the effect that they knew as much as the pitcher did where to go, and that they were not going to obey him or not the pitcher, etc. Now, players who talk in this way do not know how to *"play for the side,"* and consequently do not know how to play the game properly. We like to see a fielder confident of his ability to do his work well; but, of all players, deliver us from those conceited, egotistical ones who think they know better than anyone else, and that no one can teach them anything. No matter how active they may be in the field, or how purely they can judge a catch or throw a ball, such players are not fit to play in a model, well-trained team, and especially are they unfit to play in support of strategic pitching.

Never before did a season's play on a ball field so strikingly show the importance of sharp base-running as an element of success in a match as did the campaign of 1874. In fact,

BASE-RUNNING

is now as much a scientific feature of baseball as pitching or batting. Indeed, it is, in some respects, the most difficult part of the game to play well. Activity of foot is of course essential, but what are most needed in a first-class base-runner are coolness of judgment and promptitude in perception, as well as plenty of that steadiness of nerve known as "presence of mind." A man who is hesitating in his actions will never run bases well; on the other hand, a man must not be imprudently risky. But he must be daring and determined, and possess judgment enough to know when to start, and promptness sufficient to go when the time comes to make a move. The Boston Club nine won more games by their skill in base-running, last season, than by any other point in their play. All men cannot become good base-runners; there must be some portion of a nine who excel. The reason is that the requisite qualities in a successful base-runner are seldom found combined with other essentials of an expert player. One man will be a splendid runner, thrower and fielder, and yet lack the judgment and nerve to excel in base-running, though he will face any ball that comes to him. But the nerve of courage and the nerve of judgment are two different things. A man may have the nerve to face the cannon's mouth, and yet lack the presence of mind—the nerve of brain power—to enable him to meet other less dangerous emergencies. Just so is it in the matter of facing a hot and dangerous ball boldly, and having one's wits about him in running a base successfully.

The season of 1874 was marked by some of the finest

BASE-PLAYING

ever witnessed. The style in which sharply-hit balls were picked up and quickly and accurately thrown to first base by third-base players, the certainty of catching exhibited by first-basemen, and the rapidity with which second-base players sent the ball in throws to them to touch base-runners with, were a feature of the season's play. Nothing else so astonished the spectators at the baseball matches played by the Boston and Athletic Clubs in England last season as the play of the basemen in handling the ball thrown or batted to them. It is now well known that every one of the three bases requires a special style of play on the part of the baseman materially differing from that of the others. A player may excel on first base who could only play second tolerably well and third base not at all. We noticed that several first-basemen played their position last season as if they were put there only to catch balls thrown directly to the base. This is a great mistake, as it is perhaps needless to remark. The first-baseman should be an active *fielder* until the ball is hit to the field, after which he should become a *baseman* ready first to *stop all balls* sent to him, and next to catch all he can possibly reach. It is just as base-play on the part of a first-baseman to let any ball pass him except it be out of reach over his head. The best first-base player in "covering his position" properly is Joe Start. We confess to a partiality in speaking of honest players, and for this reason we are apt to overpraise this class. But Joe deserves all the praise he gets. No man strives harder to win. He always "plays for the side," always has done so, and that is why he is so valuable a player.

Next to Start we place Dehlman as one of the most effective base-players. His play in his position last season equaled the best on the field. He had some b

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Jan. 11.

LADIES' LIST.

Andrews, Lillian
Alexander, Laura
Atkinson, Johanna (2)
Austin, Mlle. Cora
Arnett, Annie
Bianco, Tillie (trapezeist)
Bishop, Hattie B.
Burke, Ione
Bartlett, Belle
Beamont, Mrs. Kate A. 3c.
Benson, Jennie
Bailey, Ella (with Wildman's Co.)
Bateman, Alice
Chapman, Ella
Coombs, Jane 3c.
Coventry, Julia S. (2) 3c.
Craven, Mrs. Winnetta
Clair, Minnie (2)
Coleman Sisters
Collins, Mrs. Kate 6c.
De Forest Zoe
Davenport, Mrs. E. L.
D'Atallie, Mad.
De Brent, (2)
Dorrey, Mrs. (circus "biz")
De Ment, Miss Hayes
Dawson, Dora (vocalist)
De Wolfe, Kittie (vocalist)
Daniels, Nellie (bell "biz")
Edwards, Leoline (3)
Esmond, Ella
Eldridge, Lillie
Elma, Sophie (vocalist)
"E. V. C."
Fritz, Mrs. Edwin
Fox, Miss K. F. (actress, etc)
Forrister, Nellie
Gorman, Edith O.
Granville, Gertie (2)
Gray, Ada
Howes, Mary E.
Hindel, Annie
Hampton, Mrs. Thos.
Hurbert, Ada
Hansan, Minnie
Hays, Nellie (with McEvoy)
"Imogene"
Ilterd Sisters
Jasper, Mrs. Marie
Kirbye, Adele
Lea, Mlle. (vocalist, etc)
Laurent, Ada
Lake, Emma (circus "biz")
Le Roy, Lizzie
Lette Rosa (2)
Lavarnie, Carrie
Leola, Olive
Loder, Minnie Corbyn
Lovell, May Willmotte
Lewis, Ella
"Little Nell"
Mitchell, Maggie
Mallary, Mrs. S.
Macarthy, Lottie E.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Fish, Jas.
Fraser, Jas. C.
Fortescue, Geo. K
Garland, Geo. A (Cherry Gayton, Frank
Griffin & Rice
Guise, Prof. A.
Gunther, Herbert
Griffith, S. L.
Good, A.
Gay ler, Frank C.
Guest, R. date of Bell Family)
Gaylord, Low
Hicks, Chas. B.
Hart, Franiz
Hall, R. H. (magic)
Harper, Thos.
Hughes, "Paddy" (song-and-dance)
Hewett, Frank (2)
Holston, Ari (vocalist)
Herring, Dr. Marcus (2)
Harper, Lucien
Hurdle, Harry
Hixson, Billy
Hermann, Prof.
Heywood, Jas. (of Heywood, Bishop & Harris, B.
Hutton, Maj. C.
Hoyle, Jno.
Hall, E. Mills
Hicks, Jno. (musician)
Hayden, Albert J.
Herndon, T. J.
Hunter, Phil C. E.
Harrizan, Ed.
Healy's Irish Comedians
Hall, Jno. A.
Hall, H. Mills
Jack, Jas. M.
Jaunes, Andrew
Jackley, M. Hershel (2)
Jeffer on, Joe
Jeffery, J. H. (gymnast)
Keyes, C. (with J. Kent, Frank (2)
Kendall, Ed. G.
Kelly, Acton
Kelly, Alton E.
Kelly, Geo. (of "Big Four" Co.)
Kine, Barney (of Kine Bros.
Kendall, F. P.
Kendall, or Dickson, Dra 6c.
Kent, E. M.
Kent, F. (minst. "biz")
Kirk, Geo. W.
Lavake, W. K. (3)
Lavarnie, Frank
Leybarn, Tom
Stebbins, Col.
Love, Valentine
Leslie, F. H.
Lee, ——— (of Lee family)
Leotard, W. (gym.)
Lundo, Jno. C.
Lewandis, Chas.
Leland, Matt (ag't) 3c.
Sanders & Whitney (circus "biz")
Smith & Waldron)
Smith, Elijah R.
Showles, J. J.
Sterling, Frank (musician)
Stetson, Harry B.
Schmidt, Henry
Stanley, Burton
Sanderson, J. (of Marriott & Co.)
Felix Ballet Troupe
Tinkham, Ed. (2)
Timmins, Bart
Trewolla, J. (ringmast.)
Thompson, Chas. J.
Vivian, Chas.
Victorelli, Jno.
Wilson, H.
Warner & Webb (2)
Wilson & McKeever
Williams, L. Parcy (2)
Warden, Ed. Adolphus
Washburn's Last Sensation
Wallace, Wm.
White, F. C., or T. C.
Walton, E. L.
Wallen, G. E.
Washburn, E. S. (3)
Westfall, H. H.
Winn, Lew (of Wilson Bros.)
Wallace, Bart W.
Wyman, A. (with Peak family)
Wingfield, J. (gymnast)
Winnett, Thos.
Williams, Claude
Wilson, Sanford
Whiting, Chas.
Waldron, D. (manager)
Widman, Fred. J.
Wells, W.
Williams, Jno. L. (2)
Watson, Geo. (with Haverly)
Wright, ———
Xmaniz, ——— (ballet-master)
Zebold, Geo. W.

Ahrendt, Car.
Ahern, Jno. C.
Arizona, Chas.
Arnold, W. H. (2)
Andrews, T. (circus "biz" 10c.
Anderson, F. (minstrel "biz")
Allen & Hart
Arnold, W. N.
Allen, Johnny (comed.)
Allen, Jno. (circus "biz")
Ashforth, Arthur A.
Asher Bros.
Blitz Co.)
Axtell, O. E.
Alexander, Jas. (calcium "biz")
Aymar, Wm. F. 3c.
Aymar, Wm. T.
Arnold, Alonzo
Austin, Chas.
Adams, Billy (Dutch "biz")
Burk, Sergt. (drillist)
Boyd, C. (song and dance)
Blem, Jno. A.
Buckley, M. (circus "biz")
Bloodgood, Harry
Bush, Irvin T.
Bland, J. S.
Bennett, Wallace
Bunty, Max (circus "biz")
Bowen, G. M.
Bokee, W. F.
Bolis, Eurica
Bruno, Jos.
Boone, E. D.
Brenell, Ge.
Benedict, Lew
Bailey, Hemmings & Lent
Brazz, Chas.
Burke, Jno. M.
Baker, F. E.
Berry, G. W. (stage carp.)
Bond, C. C.
Barlow, Wm.
Biddle, L. L. (magic)
Bilsbaw, G. (gymnast)
Bailey, Harry (of Gt. South Show)
Berger, Fred
Bristol, W. H.
Brennan, R. A.
Barlow, Milt G.
Bisbee, Frank
Boyer, Chas. J.
Crane, E. Mills (2)
Crane, Frank H.
Crawford, J. W. (3)
Carroll, M. M.
Colton & Birdie
Charles, S. of F. B. Price Co.)
Clarke, H. (with McGill & Strong)
Collins & Oaks
Collier, E. S.
Ciprico, Geo. M.
Carr, Dan
Cooke, Jas. (pres. "B. A.")
Cameron, Jas.
Castle, Chas.
Carter, J. Henage
Cole, W. W.
Crispini, U. (2)
"Capt. Jack" (with Garner's Scouts)
Cassin & Fritz
Cornforth, Harry
Cornforth, Sidney
Cleveland, Chas.
Cambell, Fred
Crane, Chuck
"Drummer"
Davenport, E. L. (2) 3c.
Dunn, Jas.
Davidson, W. (with Mitchell Co.)
Donnavrunna, R. (2)
Dumont, Frank
Donaldson, Wash. (gymnast)
Davis, Jno. (of Holman Co.)
Dobson, Frank B (2)
Drew, Jno. E.
De Lacy, Leon (trapezeist)
Durand, W. W.
Davis, ——— (equestrian)
Decker & Gibbs
Doris, Jno. ("Happy Doris")
Diamond, Dan
Dunbar, E. C. (2)
Davis, Chas. J.
De Haven, Claude
De Glorion, W.
Davis, H. C.
Dupree & Benedict
Emerson & Clarke
Elbrick, Robt.
Eagan, J. W.
Eckart, Prof. Jno.
"E. V. C."
Emerson, Jimmy
Eldred, Al. G.
Forsberg, Harold
Frohman, Gustave (2)
Fillman, C. (minst. "biz")
Fidello, Victor
Frederick, M.
Fyffe, Chas. J.
Feeny, Martin
Fraser, G. J.
Fostelle, C. (minst. "biz")
Forrester, N. C.
Frost, Tiny (2)
Gardner, ——— (circus "biz")
Gardiner, ... Welsh Edwards
Earl of Dunraven, ... James Quinn
Lord Paget, ... James Starkie
Lord W. Howard, W. A. Sands
Rutter, ... Frank Beresford
Sir John Brydges, ... D. E. Ralton

Gilbert, Mons.
Gilmore, Jas. A.
Gilmore, Jas. H.
Gilmore, Jas. (Irish comed.)
Gorman, Jno. (musician)
Gray, Wm. H.
Gilbert, Leon
Gilbert, Jno.
Gilbert, Jno. (circus "biz")
Gilbert, Jno. (Irish comedian)
Gilbert, Jno. (Dutch comedian)
Gilbert, Jno. (Dutch comedian)
Gilbert, Jno. (Dutch

"THE ISLAND OF WOMEN" was produced at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, on the evening of Jan. 4, and repeated during the week, in conjunction with the farce of "A Man Without a Head." The success sustained by the extravaganza was mainly due to the excellent acting of the stock company, Mr. Wm. Davidge, Jr., as Strephon and Miss Emma Maddern as Donna Juanna being especially efficient. At the matinee "The Marble Heart" was performed, the Marcheness "The Marble Heart" was performed, the Marcheness of Miss Annie Ward Tiffany and the part of the Sculptor by Milton Nobles being deserving of much praise. Miss Julia Seaman and the Kiralfy Sisters commence an engagement on the 11th inst., in the drama of "The Deluge, or Paradise Lost."

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY which has been supporting Maggie Mitchell upon her recent tour closed their season at Newark, N. J., Jan. 9. Maggie will now fulfill a few star engagements in the leading theatres.

W. T. MELVILLE opens in McCloskey's drama of "Smoke" at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on Jan. 25, and managers desiring to arrange for vacant dates can address as per advertisement.

FRED G. MAEDER advertises for disposal copies and rights of several plays, and he and Rena Maeder can be engaged to appear in "Castle Garden" and other plays in their repertoire.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, supported by the company from the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., acted in "Rip Van Winkle" at Memphis, Tenn., during the past week.

HOWARD & CARLE'S Black Crook Company came to grief at Chelsea, Mass., Jan. 4.

A LEADING MAN and a first old man are wanted by D. Hanchett, who advertises.

MRS. F. W. LANDER and Frank Lawler's company have held the stage at De Bar's Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., during the past week, to fair business. The bill has been, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, "Antony and Cleopatra;" Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, "The School for Scandal." On Jan. 11, Mrs. Jane A. Oates' English Comic Opera Company is promised.....At the Olympic Theatre, Tony Denier's Pantomime Company have acted to very good houses. Pat Rooney, with this party, has made quite a hit with his Irish comicalities. J. K. Emmet is underlined for Jan. 11.

MADAME ZEISLER desiring to arrange with Olive Logan for the production of Wirt Sikes' reconstructed version of "Surf" can address her at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., where she is now performing.

IN SPEAKING of the performances of Mlle. Lucia and the Orrin Brothers, who are now traveling with G. L. Fox's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe, *The Richmond Daily Dispatch* of Jan. 9 says:

In the second part of the programme Mlle Lucia and the Orrin Brothers gave some wonderful Olympian and calisthenical exercises. They are models of grace and dexterity, and added in no small degree to the enjoyment of the evening. We have never had such a trio on the ground stage before, and the marvelous facility with which they went through the most difficult feats astonished everybody. Mlle. Lucia is as active as a cat, and it will be a difficult matter to find her equal in this country.

MUSICAL.

S. D. VACHON, late leader of the Odeon Varieties, Baltimore, Md., died in that city on Jan. 3, from cancer of the liver. Deceased was a gentleman of rare culture and refinement, and was a thorough master of the violin. He was with La Rue's Minstrels for five years, and at the Odeon four years, at which latter place he was director of music up to the time of his death. He was ill about four months, convalesced, returned to his duties, and took a fresh cold, which resulted in his death. About a year ago he married a very estimable song-and-dance lady, Miss Laura Graham, who then retired from the stage, and who now deeply mourns her early bereavement. Mr. E. M. Castine, proprietor of the Odeon, very kindly came forward and took charge of the body, and did all that was needful in the case. The remains were buried at Baltimore Cemetery, and the funeral was attended by all the attaches of the Odeon.

AIMEE and troupe at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass., have been seen in "La Fille de Madame Angot" Jan. 4, 5, 6 and matinee 9; "Grande Duchesse" 8, and "Perichole" 7 and 9. The houses have been large, and the troupe has met with a favorable reception. The announcements this week are "La Princesse de Trebizonde" 11, 12, "Grande Duchesse" 13, "Belle Helene" 14, and "Jolie Parfumeuse" for Aimee's benefit 15.

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD CONCERT COMPANY did an excellent business in Washington, D. C., Jan. 4, 5, 6.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETT CLUB of Boston, assisted by Miss Fannie J. Kellogg, will give a concert in Washington, D. C., Jan. 13.

A PORTION of the Kellogg English Opera Company gave a matinee performance at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, presenting "Ernani."

G. W. ROWE advertises that he will arrange orchestral music for minstrel organizations or other public or private entertainments.

DEDICATION OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Baltimore, Md.—This edifice, says our correspondent, writing on Jan. 9, "was first opened to the public on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5, the occasion being signalized by a grand inaugural ball. A detailed description of the architectural arrangements and general appointments of this edifice was given in THE CLIPPER some months ago; but several additional items in this connection are herewith appended. The stage of the theatre proper is 70ft. in depth from the footlights to the rear wall, 80ft. in width from wall to wall, and 30ft. from wing to wing. The height to the fly-galleries is 52ft., and to the rigging loft 81ft. The proscenium arch is 49ft. wide and 46ft. high. There is a portable painting-bridge for scenic artists, which is also to be used for scenic effects. The trap-cellar is 11ft. deep, and the subcellar 19ft. deep. There are 10 bridges, 9 traps and 4 sinking frames in the stage. The curtain does not roll, but is raised up. The painting thereon represents an Italian lake and woodland view, and is one of Russell Smith's happiest efforts. The whole house is heated by two thirty-horsepower boilers. The greenroom is 20ft. square, and is sumptuously furnished. The dressing-rooms are really appointed, especially the three for prime donne, being furnished with Brussels and Turkey carpets, pier glasses, marble-top tables, hot and cold water bowls, etc. The grand chandelier is said to be the largest in the country, whilst that in the concert-hall is not much inferior in size and splendor. The acoustics are excellent. The auditors were much surprised at the distinctness with which every word of the opening address was heard; and at the opera on subsequent nights the finest pianissimo notes could be heard in every section of the auditorium. The seating capacity is as follows: orchestra, 310; orchestra-circle, 450; first dress-circle, 263; thirty-six stalls, 144; second dress-circle, 410; and eight private boxes, 48; making a total of 1,625. But the cubic volume of the auditorium is larger than that of most other theatres which have much greater seating capacity. Chairs, cushioned with crimson velvet and having separate arms, are placed in every section of the house. A grand-piano was presented to the Academy by the firm of Knabe & Co. of this city. In perfection of arrangement and elegance of ornamentation this temple of art stands without a superior in the land. The architect was J. Crawford Neilson, Esq., and B. T. Bennett, Esq., contractor. The entire cost was $420,000. Your correspondent is indebted to Mr. Israel Cohen, treasurer of the board of directors, Mr. J. D. Ferguson, the agent of the Academy, and Mr. A. Neely, the stage manager, for information and courtesies extended. The doors were opened on Tuesday evening at half-past seven; at half-past nine the Hon. S. Teackle Wallis of the Baltimore bar delivered the opening address, and at half-past ten the dancing began. A temporary floor had been erected for this latter purpose, occupying the entire stage and orchestra. The spectacle was one of dazzling magnificence, and will doubtless remain in bright and ineffaceable relief in the memories of all who were fortunate enough to be present. The beauty, wealth, wit and fashion of the Monumental City were never more largely represented, and the array of costly and gorgeous toilets was never equaled here before. The Marine Band of Washington, numbering forty instruments, discoursed concert music throughout the evening, and Prof. H. M. Jungnickel's Cotillion Band, also comprising forty performers, furnished the dance music. The concert hall and supper-room served as a supper-room. Among the notabilities present were the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, John W. Garrett, General Shriver, Major Joshua Vansant, Judge Dobbin, Ernest and William Knabe, Clara Louise Kellogg, Horace Remmington, Major W. Lenox Banning, Ferdinand C. Latrobe, and numerous visitors from Washington, Richmond, New York and Philadelphia. On Thursday evening, Jan. 7, the Academy regularly entered upon its mission, with the commencement of a brief season of Italian opera. The first night's Combination—Donizetti's opera of 'Lucia di Lammermoor' was selected for the opening night. There was quite a good attendance, the dreadful state of the weather and counter attractions being considered. Mlle. Albani's impersonation of Lucia proved her to be in every place an intelligent artiste, and in the second place a cantatrice of a high order. She was most ably supported by Signors Taglapietra, Carpi and Scolari. Friday night 'Faust' was given, with Mlle. Marie Heilbron, Miss Anna Louise Cary, Signors Benfratelli and Taglapietra. Saturday night 'Wagner's famous opera, 'Lohengrin,' with Mlle. Albani, Miss Cary, Signors Carpi, Del Puente and Scolari in the cast. On Monday, Jan. 11, 'Aida' will be given."

"MIGNON" was given in Baltimore for the first time in English on Jan. 4, by the Kellogg English Opera Troupe, in the second week of their engagement at Ford's Opera-house. This opera was first given in Italian in Baltimore for the first time on April 4, 1872. Miss Kellogg was never in better voice, and by her faultless singing added one more triumph to her already long list. Her Mignon was very charming, and she sang the aria "Well I Know a Gipsy Child" in a most brilliant manner, and met with a hearty encore. Mrs. Van Zandt as Felina had an unimportant part, but she managed to bring it out in bold relief by her fine acting. Mr. Peakes was at his best as Lotario. Mr. Castle and Miss Beaumont both played their prominent parts in an exceedingly clever manner. Taking all in all, the cast and singing were the finest of the season. Tuesday, "Ernani" was sung, with Mrs. Van Zandt and Messrs. Peakes and Castle in the cast. Wednesday, "Faust," with Miss Kellogg, Miss Beaumont, Peakes, and Maas. Thursday, Mrs. Van Zandt as Leonora in "Il Trovatore." Friday, "Martha," with Miss Kellogg as Lady Henrietta; and on Saturday matinee, for their last performance, "Mignon" was repeated with the same cast as on Monday. The troupe open in Philadelphia Jan. 11. Letter of Jan. 9.

WHITE, SMITH & Co. of Boston have just published a new song and chorus entitled "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie."

A FIRST-CLASS BAND can be secured for the comic season by addressing T. E. G., as per card.

WM. BARRY, tenor balladist, pianist, or violinist advertises for an engagement.

PROF. GOODALL, violinist, pianist and organist, wishes to travel South immediately with some first-class organization. He can be addressed as per card.

THE ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE performed at Richmond, Va., Jan. 7, 8, giving a matinee on the latter day.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE and her opera-bouffe company made their first appearance in Philadelphia on the 4th of January, at the Chestnut-street Theatre. Offenbach's opera "Madame l'Archiduc" was the opera selected for the opening performance, and it was accorded a favorable reception by a large audience. It contains many of those sparkling *morceaux* so intimately connected with the name of Offenbach, but we question whether it will ever become as popular as some of his works. The title-role finds in Miss Emily Soldene a most able representative in Miss Emily Soldene, her vocal powers being exhibited to much advantage in the music entrusted to her. Mr. E. D. Beverly gave a spirited personation of Giletta. Mr. E. Marshall humorously rendered the part of the Archduke Earnest, and came in for a liberal share of the approval awarded the leading members of the company. The chorus was admirable, and the appointments were unusually handsome. Owing to a severe cold Miss Soldene was unable to appear on the evenings of the 5th and 6th of January, and "Madame Angot's Daughter" was substituted, with Miss Clara Vesey as Madame Lange and Miss Lizzie Robson as Clairette. On the 7th, 8th and 9th Miss Soldene reappeared in "The Archduchess." During the week ending Jan. 16, the second and last of Miss Soldene's season, the operas of "Chilperic," "Genevieve De Brabant," "Madame Angot's Daughter," "The Archduchess" and "The Grand Duchess" will be presented.

MR. F. L. DAVENPORT, supported by Mr. E. F. Thorne and dramatic company, will play a week's engagement at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, commencing Jan. 18.

A MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Centennial Musical Association of Philadelphia was held on the 5th inst. in that city. Messrs. Bonawitz and Hassler were elected leaders of the orchestra, and Theobald Herman leader of the military band. There are now enrolled in the orchestra seventy-five musicians, selected from the best talent in Philadelphia. The military band numbers sixty-six members. It is contemplated that each will be brought up to a regular membership of one hundred.

MISS CLARA LAUDERBACH, Wm. Stoll, Jr., Hugh A. Clarke and others gave a concert at Natatorium Hall, Philadelphia, on the 5th inst.

THEO. THOMAS' Orchestra gave their fourth symphony concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 8th inst., before a large audience.

B. C. BENT, cornet-soloist of Dodworth's and of Downing's Band, advertises for an engagement.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE open at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst., in "Il Trovatore," "Maritana," "Martha," "Ernani," "Mignon," "Fra Diavolo" and "Don Giovanni" constitute the programmes for the balance of the week.

ROSA D'ERINA will give a couple of concerts at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the evenings of the 14th and 15th of January.

THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY of Philadelphia will sing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" at Musical Fund Hall, in that city, on the 23d of January.

G. D. RUSSELL & Co., music publishers, have recently issued the popular songs of the Foy Sisters, embracing a good comic duet, entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Thompson," and the songs of "My Little Pink," "It is Funny When You Feel That Way," etc., the full list being published in their card elsewhere. They are light and taking in their style, and, having attractive melodies adapted to expressive words, offer quite an addition to a repertoire of the comic ditties of the day. They are issued at 40 cents each, in a handsome lithographic dress.

THE FIRST REGIMENT BAND of Philadelphia gave a concert on the 9th inst., at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Madame Gulager of New York appearing as soloist.

MR. JULIUS LEE, of the firm of Lee & Walker, the well-known music publishers of Philadelphia, died very suddenly at his residence in that city on the morning of the 9th inst., of congestion of the lungs. He was born in Eisleben, Germany, on the 12th of April, 1812, and came to this country about 1842, shortly afterwards starting in the business with which his name has been identified for many years.

THE LYSTER FAMILY, of Lyster, Lockwood and Johnny Foster were the new appearances at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on Jan. 4. Lyster is a clever Ethiopian comedian, and seems to be quite a favorite here. The business has only been fair this week. The only sensational novelties were Marie Zoe in the title-role, in which it was evident that she was out of her element. Her engagement terminates 9; also, the following people get through same date: F. P. Donald and wife, the Winnetts, Ned Wambold, C. H. Clarke, J. F. Watson, B. W. Reed, Jessie Howard, Allie Deane, H. F. Seymour. On the 11th we are to have the Jackley Troupe, acrobats, ten in number; J. H. Budworth and Ella Westella, Dutch artist. On the 14th and 15th the whole company goes to New Bedford, and the Opera-house is to be occupied by the Wallace Sisters' Combination. Business through the week has been moderate. Advices of Jan. 9.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., the new arrivals on Jan. 4 were Minnie Grey, Fannie Davenport, D. A. Walling and Harry Western. A parlor minstrel-scene was given, with Alf McDowell and Harry Western on the ends and Jessie Howard as middle-man. As an endist, Western is not a bright success. Minnie Grey in songs-and-dances established herself as the favorite in the olio. Miss Davenport has greatly improved in looks and voice since her last appearance. The departures Jan. 9 were La Belle Pauline to the Front-street, Frank and Eva Bennett to the Odeon, Baltimore; and Minnie Grey to the Bijou, New York. The announcements for Jan. 11 are Patti Rosa, Robert Scott, Kitty Sharpe, Cassim and Fritz and the Everett Sisters. Business good.....G. W. Bauer, the new lessee of the Metropolitan Varieties, will, we understand, take possession thereof on Jan. 11. He proposes setting it in thorough repair, and expects to be able to open about the first week in February. The name of the place will be changed, and hereafter will be known as the Avenue Theatre. Letter of Jan. 10.

LA BELLE GABRIELLE, the young tumblerionicon player, publishes a card from Mr. Tony Pastor highly recommending her performances.

HARRY WATSON AND LIZZIE SHERMAN, Dutch comiques, publish their route in a card elsewhere, and would like to hear from a traveling company or circus for an engagement during the Summer. Little Lizzy is requested to write to them.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Harrisburg, Pa., under the able management of the Kernan Bros., has become one of the institutions of that city. During the past week the different members of the company appeared in their several specialties to good business. No new faces announced, and no departures.

THE HARSON SISTERS, Eddie Lockwood and Johnny Foster were the new appearances at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on Jan. 4. Mr. Johnny Fo

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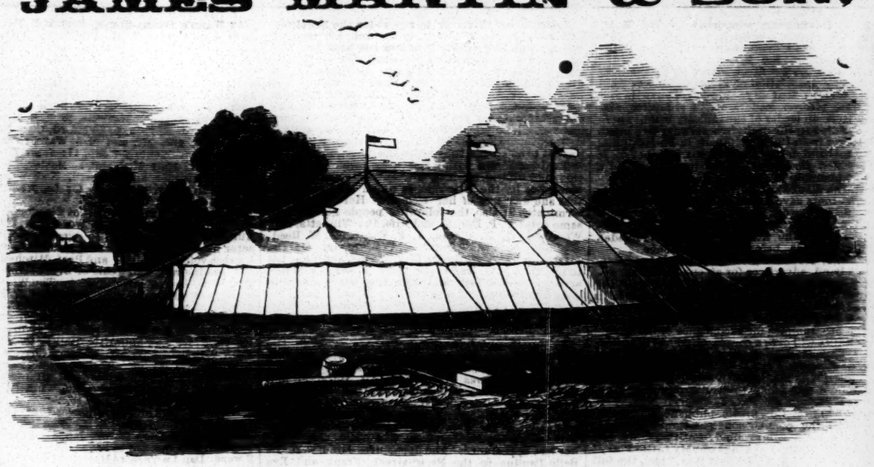

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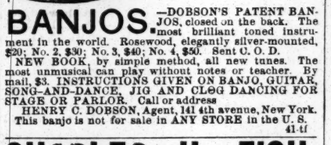

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